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## Contents

The Week ..... 1

Editorials
- The March on Berlin ..... 3
- The Tennessee Valley Plan ..... 4
- Sara Teasdale ..... 6

General Articles
- Russia Between Two Plans ..... William Henry Chamberlin 7
- Heil, Hitler! ..... H. V. Kaltenborn 9
- An Introduction to Hart Crane ..... Waldo Frank 11
- Four Poems by Hart Crane ..... 15
- Washington Notes ..... T. R. B. 16
- Not on the Ticker Tape ..... L. M. N. 17
- We, the People; Evensong ..... Stark Young 18

Correspondence ..... 20

Reviews of Books
- Tired Feminist ..... Malcolm Cowley 22
- Gorky on Lenin ..... Edmund Wilson 23
- Poison for Profit ..... James Rorty 23
- Trade Follows the Pick ..... Robert Briffault 24
- Yesterday and Today ..... Henry Bamford Parkes 25
- Book Notes ..... 26

## The Week

STIFFENED by unexpetedly strong attitudes on the part of its British and French members, the Committee of Nineteen of the League of Nations has unanimously decided to submit a report casting the blame on Japan for the war in the East, recommending non-recognition of Manchukuo and possibly non-coöperation with it (in the form of arms and financial embargoes). It will also seek coöperation on the part of non-members of the League (the Soviet Union and the United States). In another committee, Maxim Litvinov supported the general French plan for sanction with the proviso that a definition of "the aggressor" be adopted in plain terms—terms that would convict Japan in the present instance on numerous counts. Having failed to reach any agreement with the Japanese by negotiation on the basis of the Lytton report, the Committee of Nineteen is obviously moving strongly in the direction of mobilizing international action against her. This tendency is probably emphasized by a fear that Japan will not execute her threat to resign. The League would be in a wholly ridiculous position if it gave way to Japan on all the essential issues and then continued with a Japanese delegate as President—a result which is due to occur with the customary rotation of office. It yet remains to be seen, however, what disposition will be made of the Committee report, and whether Great Britain and France will, when it comes to the test, support the action of the delegates on the Committee.

IT IS reported that the Japanese are massing troops on the borders of Jehol with the intention of conquering the province as soon as their advance is favored by the uncertain North Asiatic weather. Meanwhile there have been important developments in the interior of China which have scarcely been mentioned in the press. Last week it was learned that a Chinese Red army of sixty thousand men had invaded Szechwan, a mountainous province rich in undeveloped resources which lies above the gorges of the Yangtze River. The week before two other Red armies were reported to be advancing in Shensi Province, and there were peasant revolts in neighboring Shansi. In the North and in the South, the people of China speak different languages, and are often said to compose two different nations. The Communist revolt was, until recently, confined to the South. But the successful invasion of Shensi, in the North, and the peasant revolt in Shansi, cast a new light on the progress of Chinese Communism. It now affects nine of the eighteen Chinese provinces, and six of these are partly controlled by the Communist government. It does not seem to be halted by geographical or racial barriers; military force alone is retarding its advance. It is spreading rapidly through all the interior of the country, in districts far from the sea, from railroads and from navigable rivers. On the other hand, it has not managed to win a foothold in the rich coastal plain—where the troops of the Nationalist government can easily maneuver—or in the big cities of the Yangtze Valley, which can be raked by the fire of foreign gunboats.

ON February 28, an Anti-War Congress will assemble at Montevideo, in Uruguay—possibly the only city and country on the South American Continent where such a congress could be held without

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facing immediate suppression and the arrest of the delegates. At present there are threats of civil war even in Uruguay. Elsewhere in South America the prospects for peace are darker than they have been in the century that has passed since Bolivar's revolution. The war now raging between Bolivia and Paraguay, the border conflicts between Peru and Ecuador, Peru and Colombia—all these, says the committee which has called the Anti-War Congress, "are just the beginnings of the conflagration. Day by day the tension in Argentinian-Bolivian and Bolivian-Uruguayan relations is increasing. We have just witnessed the rupture of diplomatic relations between Argentina and Uruguay. Friction is beginning to manifest itself between Chile and Argentina, between the latter and Brazil. Recently Peru broke off her relations with Mexico. We are being thrown into a continental war. . . ." The Anti-War Congress is receiving wide support from labor unions, especially the radical unions in Argentina and Uruguay, and from individuals of prominence. Its ultimate purpose is to convince organized labor, the peasants, the Indians and Negroes, that they must unite in all South American countries against these wars which are caused by national rivalries and of which, in the end, labor, the peasants and the exploited races must pay the costs.

PRESIDENT Hoover's most famous remark during the late election campaign was that "grass would grow in the streets of our cities" unless we raised our tariffs to shut out the flood of imports from countries with depreciated currencies. He instructed the tariff commission to begin an immediate investigation of the subject—an investigation which would seem unnecessary if the President knew as much as he said he did. Since then we have had the great "Buy American" drive. Under its influence, both the Senate and the House have passed bills requiring that no branch of the federal government shall buy anything manufactured abroad provided that the same goods are available from American sources, adequate in quality and quantity—a provision which sounds as though it would open the door to some handsome profiteering.

THIS famous menace of foreign goods may exist, but thus far it has not shown up in the government statistics. In the twelve months ending December 31, our imports were valued at $1,322,665,000, a decrease of $767,970,000 from the year 1931, or more than one-third. Our excess of exports over imports in 1932 was $295,212,000. In every month of the year 1932 there was a substantial decline in imports as compared with the same month of the preceding year. In December, for instance, these dropped from $153,773,000 to $97,000,000. In November, the loss was from $149,480,000 to $104,466,000; and so on. A comparison of imports from gold-standard countries with those of countries with depreciated currencies, made by the Customs Bureau of the Treasury Department and reported in The New York Times, reveals a surprising situation. Imports from the eleven principal gold-standard countries declined in the first eight months of 1932 by 34.1 percent as compared with the same eight months of 1931. But imports from inflated-currency countries decreased over the same period by 38.5 percent. Measured in terms of quantity or volume, the trade of the gold-standard countries declined by 12 percent, and that of depreciated-currency countries by 15 percent.

THREE separate items of news indicate that at last the necessity of reducing the debt burden is being recognized. Numerous life-insurance companies have declared a moratorium on foreclosure of farm mortgages. The farmers by direct action had already succeeded in bringing to terms local mortgage holders in many parts of the West; they found it more difficult, however, to deal with the more distant lenders like life-insurance companies and Joint Stock Land Banks. Legal action will be required to validate the results of direct action, now being attacked in the courts. Senator Couzens has declared against further loans, from the R.F.C. to railroads, on the ground that most of the necessitous roads must undergo capital reorganization in any case, and it is unwise to delay this process by the palliative of public loans which may not be repaid, but which simply bail out the private bankers. Though Commissioner Eastman of the Interstate Commerce Commission does not share this fear for all loans, there is little doubt that some receiverships are coming. And the House of Representatives has passed a bill to simplify and expedite debt-liquidation proceedings for farmers, railroads and individuals. The provisions are different in the several cases, as they should be, but an intelligent revision of our archaic legal procedure for insolvent debtors of all kinds is an essential preliminary to the general deflation of debts and capital structures which is now seen by many to be inevitable.

WHEN Governor Lehman of New York appealed to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation for a loan to help unemployment relief, an outcry arose from New York conservatives. Why should the state rely on federal aid for this purpose, when this is already the richest part of the country? Why does it not raise the required money directly? Now Governor Lehman has outlined a drastic tax program which has provoked even louder outcries. He proposes an addition to the state income tax of one percent on gross income and a lowering of the exemptions, a retail sales tax of three-quarters of a cent, and an increase of a cent in the gasoline tax. Both the necessity of borrowing from the federal government for relief and the difficulty of raising additional funds by local taxation indicate a fundamental flaw in our tax structure. New York State

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could obtain much more revenue at home through a higher and more progressive income tax, if it were not for the fact that the federal government also relies largely on income taxes and allows no exemption for states which do the same. This duplication places strict limits on the taxes which states can be expected to levy on large incomes. If those best able to pay are to be taxed for relief, the funds must come largely from the federal government, even if the people who pay the federal taxes reside in the states which receive the money. In order materially to increase their revenues, especially in a time of depression, states must place a larger burden on the lower incomes by sales taxes and by higher rates in the lower brackets of income. The federal income-tax law should provide exemptions for those who have to pay state income taxes.

THE incoming Democratic administration is being infested with job seekers. Washington observers report that never before have they been so numerous or so desperately importunate. In these days of unemployment, the advent of the Democrats to power seems a godsend to many destitute members of that party. Meanwhile, an equal number of thousands of Republican office holders are grimly facing the prospect that they will soon be looking for work, at a time when there is no work. All this, of course, has nothing to do with any sensible, orderly or intelligent civilization. It only refers to the United States in 1933.

IN THE past generation, and by dint of the life-long endeavors of many devoted men, thousands of government jobs have been put beyond the reach of hungry politicians, through the Civil Service, which distributes places at least approximately according to the merit of the applicant and protects the holder against dismissal on purely political grounds. Now, however, as our Washington correspondent recently reported, the Democrats are supposed to have evolved a pretty little plan to break down the Civil Service safeguards. The new President has asked, and will receive, wide powers for the reorganization of governmental bureaus. It is reported that certain bureaus will be abolished, so that the Civil Service-protected Republicans can be ousted; and then the same bureaus will be recreated under different names and staffed by "deserving Democrats." We are reluctant to believe that Mr. Roosevelt will permit such a disgraceful return to the sordid practice of an earlier day; we trust he will make it clear, and at once, that he will have nothing to do with any such plan.

FIFTY-FIVE prominent American leaders have been invited to appear before the Finance Committee of the United States Senate and tell it what caused the depression, and how we can get out of it. A more futile proceeding it would be hard to imagine. With few exceptions, these men are the same old "leaders of America" who appeared on Ambassador Gerard's list and are on that of every managing editor in the country when he is getting up his New Year's Symposium on the business outlook. These are precisely the men who got us into the depression; or rather, who drifted hopelessly with the rest of us through good times and bad. It is obvious that not more than three or four of them at most understand the operations of economic institutions. The Finance Committee's hearings will do nothing except to let loose upon us cubic miles of hot air—one of the few things the country does not now require.

## The March on Berlin

CURRENT happenings in Germany present more than an accidental resemblance to Italian events before the "March on Rome." There, as here, financiers, landed aristocrats and industrialists, by intrigue and propaganda, paved the way for the coming of Mussolini long before the actual coup d'état took place with the silent approval of King and military authorities and the knowledge of the United States and other Powers (see articles by Richard Washburn Child, American Ambassador to Italy at that time). Like his Italian protagonist, Hitler rode into power with the open and secret support of combined reaction.

The impression broadcast by American correspondents in Berlin, that the Junkers today dominate German politics to the exclusion of the industrial overlords, has no foundation in fact. Without the backing of the latter the Hitler regime would never have become a reality. Not until the Rhenish-Westphalian industries, aided by the financial interests, agreed to the present solution was the landed gentry brought in and Hugenberg, the leader of the Junker party, much against his original intention, forced into line. As a matter of fact the interests of the wealthy agrarians, financiers and manufacturers overlap to such a degree that the rule of one is all but inconceivable without the support of the others.

The press continues to attach great significance to the fact that the Hitler government is based on a party coalition in which the National Socialists control but three out of ten Cabinet posts. But here, again, the German situation approximates the early stages of the Mussolini advance; the Duce also controlled only a minority of his Cabinet when he first established his regime in October, 1922. Fascism, in its Italian beginnings, was heterogeneous rather than homogeneous in character and following. Mussolini and those about him were the point of convergence of many related and analogous groups, agrarian interests from the Po regions and Umbria, industrial workers and ex-soldiers from Milan, Florence and Naples, and the Populari, the party of the Catholics, which was represented by two men in the original Mussolini Cabinet. But as

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the Duce felt the ground grow firmer under his feet, he eliminated group after group until the Facismo wielded undisputed power and all other political parties were abolished.

Unless all indications deceive us, Hugenberg will go the way of Mussolini's early collaborators. True, as Minister of Agriculture, Economics and Food for the Reich and Prussia, the Junker leader holds a position of great and varied economic responsibility. But recent appointments to political posts of basic power have gone, without exception, to Hitler's men. To what extent the Chancellor dominates the political field, the presidential decree ordering new municipal elections throughout Prussia should suffice to show. Only three weeks ago the Hugenberg following in the Berlin municipal council vehemently fought a Communist motion supported by the National Socialists to dissolve that body. At that time Hugenberg in a signed article in his Berlin Lokalanzeiger upheld the position of his men, arguing that it was the height of folly to increase the existing chaos by new elections, especially since the four-year term for which these bodies are elected expires in the fall of 1933. But neither Herr Hugenberg nor Herr Hitler is ignorant of the fact that recent state and national elections assure the National Socialist party of a majority in almost every city and town of any importance in the Prussian state and that new elections will not only make the power of the Nazis secure but will leave the German Nationalist People's party in a hopeless minority position.

Meanwhile Hitler rules Germany with an iron hand. For reprinting an innocent election manifesto of the Social Democratic party, the Berlin Vorwärts was temporarily suppressed. As we write these lines the same fate has overtaken a number of other Social Democratic and nineteen Communist dailies. The new censorship established last Monday by the Emergency Decree far surpasses in stringency that issued during the von Papen regime and rescinded by von Schleicher. It authorizes the suspension of daily newspapers for four weeks for a first offense, six months for a second and third and for an indefinite period for a fourth offense. Similar provisions apply to periodicals and to the admission to Germany of publications from foreign countries. Meetings may be suspended on the mere suspicion of disloyalty to the present regime, its leading representatives, its institutions, the army or the navy. The Reich Minister of the Interior, Dr. Wilhelm Fricke, one of the most rabid of Fascist leaders, has been made the sole arbiter in the enforcement of this highly elastic measure.

An interesting aspect of the present situation is the mutual protestations of love and fidelity between the Hitler government and Italy. In a special interview with Italian newspaper correspondents Hitler expressed the conviction that the interests of both nations are identical and that coöperation on all important international questions is not only highly desirable but almost certain. Italy's Fascist press reciprocated with joy and satisfaction over Hitler's victory, assuring its readers that the new German government is a permanent institution. A few weeks ago, when hopes for a National Socialist Chancellor seemed vague indeed, the same newspapers ridiculed the very idea that Adolf Hitler could ever become the German counterpart of their own great Benito.

Future developments are uncertain, but ominous possibilities threaten. Hitler tends to emphasize nationalism at the expense of his earlier socialistic pretensions. He will not be able to satisfy his followers long with such internal reforms as he is likely to make; he will be expected to move toward stronger military power and rectification of the nation's boundaries at the expense of Poland, and possibly of France as well. Italy with her Balkan allies shares similar ambitions. The logic of the situation leads toward a new bloc with these Fascist states at the center, in opposition to France and the Little Entente. The traditional European balance of power is by way of being restored. If events take this course, the world must fearfully await the spark which will ignite the high explosives.

## The Tennessee Valley Plan

PRESIDENT-ELECT Roosevelt's program for the systematic development of the Tennessee River Valley, though so far announced only in the most general terms, appears to be a first-class example of the application of regional planning. One of the clearest expositions of this sort of thing was given several years ago, by the way, in a report on a state plan for New York, by Governor Smith's Commission on Housing and Regional Planning under the chairmanship of Clarence S. Stein. This Commission was originally formed on account of the protest in New York City against high rents and poor quarters which accompanied the housing shortage after the War. But its studies had not gone far before the members saw that the housing problems of the cities were related to metropolitan overgrowth and congestion as much as to anything else. Nothing less than a more intelligent direction of the location of population should be aimed at, and this purpose was interwoven with such things as power resources, development of railroads, highways and waterways, water supplies, forestation, recreation areas and the use of land for those forms of agriculture or husbandry best suited to it.

Every sizable geographic region is a complex of all these factors. Many of them are already under control—as separate enterprises. New electric generating stations are being built, new transmission lines are being laid out. Highways are being extended and improved. Factories are being located. Flood control, navigation, drainage and water-supply projects are being planned. Some farms are being abandoned, others enlarged. Submarginal agricultural land is being taken over for

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taxes. Park and forestry departments are expanding recreation areas and conserving timber. But, ordinarily, these activities go on without being explicitly related to one another. Nor are they related to general social objectives—to the results, in terms of human living, which, taken together, they are bound to produce. Some decisions rest on the search for private profit. They are made without a thorough knowledge of their setting. Other decisions, though made by governments, represent a mere drifting in the wake of private enterprise, or the pursuit of local objectives without regard to the major needs of the area as a whole, or the seeking of a limited purpose by a part of the population. The proposal of the New York Commission was that these activities be brought into order and directed for common ends. This would require, first, a thorough knowledge of the geographical base and the uses which could be made of its resources and, second, a knitting together of the various activities in the development of a plan—not necessarily a hard-and-fast plan, but one that should be capable of growth in line with the technological possibilities and the needs of the people.

Though such a plan may be difficult to conceive in the abstract, its outlines quickly begin to appear when we examine the concrete situation and the course of industrial history. In New York State, for example, it is clear that there are certain areas, like the mountainous ones, that are best adapted for the interdependent purposes of forestry, protection of watersheds, conservation of wild life and such forms of recreation as camping, fishing, hunting, hiking. On the foothills with inferior soil, if farming is to be practised at all, it should be confined to something like sheep grazing. Other localities are better adapted for fruit, while valleys along the main water courses (which are also the routes of railroads and express highways) are best adapted both for high-grade agriculture and for machine industry. Here the centers of population may be close to the sources of perishable food supply; the one may be benefited by being kept from encroaching too far on the open country, the other by being placed within easy reach of a market. Such considerations give a crude picture of the sort of plan which may evolve.

Planning of this sort might be easier if we were exploiting a virgin country, but as a matter of fact we are engaged in introducing new factors into an old situation. We have continually to replan and relocate, to adapt what is to the far-reaching changes continually wrought by technology and its consequent shifts of population and occupation. This is particularly true of a densely settled and industrially developed region like New York State. In the past it has gone through a number of well defined stages, produced by the types of production and commerce which dominated the periods in question. The adaptations by which the successive stages were brought forth were slow, painful and full of incidental loss. There were costly lags, due to lack of foresight as to what was coming and failure consciously and collectively to plan for it.

In the case of the Tennessee River Valley, not yet so definitely set in an industrial mold, there is an opportunity to seize the course of technical evolution at an earlier stage. Here is a great hydro-electric plant at Muscle Shoals, the potential power of which is yet far from being fully utilized. Its stable capacity may be stepped up considerably by further improvements in the river. The old way, stubbornly sought by the power interests for years, would have been to turn it over to private capital for profitable exploitation, and thus to dedicate the whole future of the region to haphazard and uncoördinated development. How the power should be used; whether it should be the basis of overcrowded industrial cities at the expense of high-cost energy for farms and homes, whether the values it creates should be drained off largely in real-estate speculation, whether anything should be done to control floods and protect watersheds—all these things would have been left to the chance of decisions made in search of profit.

Mr. Roosevelt's idea is to control the course of development from the beginning, to serve the related purposes of cheap power, reforestation, flood control, reclamation of bottom lands and also, we hope, planned cities and planned, coöperative-farming communities. Much depends, of course, on the intelligence with which the idea is executed in detail, but this is the sort of thing which in general should be welcomed with enthusiasm. It offers a hope for controlled experiment in the building of a region, the results of which at the worst cannot be inferior to those which would have come about without control, and at the best may be immensely superior. This experiment may be duplicated in other regions, centering about river valleys contributory to the Mississippi. It may furnish an example to the whole country.

The objections which so far have been expressed seem to us fallacious. One has to do with the question of overproduction. Why reclaim more farms when those we have already produce a surplus? But how much farm surplus should we have if the purchasing power of the consumers were adequate? We probably should have a surplus of wheat, though not a large one—but this is not a wheat-growing region. Other surpluses are largely matters, not of wholly satisfied popular needs, but of markets. If the standard of living of the population rises, there are many products like milk and butter, fresh vegetables, fruit and meat, which will be demanded in increasing quantities. Even admitting that absolute surpluses may be achieved, however, there is a problem in the relocation of existing farmers on better soil, in more efficient producing units, in better organized communities. This problem is, and has been for years, particularly acute in the South. All that could be done in the way of planned agricultural development would come so slowly and would make such a small contribution to the reor-

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ganization of backward farming that it would add scarcely anything to total output.

A similar answer may be made to those who object to new power resources and new industries on the ground that the capacity of existing industries is not being used. There is nowhere near enough industrial capacity of all the kinds that are needed to produce the essentials of a good life for everyone. The stock hope of economists for revival is that private interests will invest new capital for new production. If this is true, why should not the government proceed in the same course, and on a large scale? The investment will distribute new purchasing power to workers long before the new productive units are turning out goods to flood markets.

The most silly objection of all is that while the project may be a good one, we cannot now afford it; we ought to wait for a period of prosperity if we wish to undertake such enterprises. Of course the exact reverse is true. This is just the time to undertake great new developments. Labor, materials and money are cheap—too cheap, in fact. The whole world is waiting for large-scale spending. If it does not come, we shall never have any more prosperity. If prosperity does arrive, we ought then to be more cautious about spending too much in new capital facilities.

But of course any program like the Tennessee River development is merely part of a larger picture. All the objections about overproduction of farm and factory, about the dangers of expanding government borrowing, rest on the assumption that popular purchasing power and the yield of taxes cannot in the future be sufficiently increased. We have no assurance that this assumption is wholly without merit, unless social planning and control go further than the development of new regions. They must encompass our whole economic system if we are to be certain that progress in the use of technology is really to benefit us as it should.

## Sara Teasdale

MISS TEASDALE had been writing, for some time prior to her death, a life of Christina Rossetti. The two women had many attributes in common; Miss Teasdale's gifts were, in many ways, more akin to those of the woman separated from her by a half-century in time than to the women poets of her own day. These two were lyric poets by outright gift; both were endowed with an inalienable faculty of song. Christina Rossetti, surrounded by the roar of a beginning industrial civilization, holding to rather grim religious convictions, with mid-nineteenth-century materialism all about, wrote poems that fall as naturally upon the ear as the note of birds. Her poetry gained nothing, and needed to gain nothing, from abstract ideas, erudition or attitudes. Sara Teasdale's gift was equally fresh and unclouded. And she shared with Christina Rossetti the cast of mind which seems to be the natural concomitant of the pure lyricist who is a woman: the mystic's nature, at once fiery and contemplative.

Miss Teasdale's work developed along the strict line of mystic experience. She soon worked herself free from the literary paraphernalia that hampered her early poems. From the beginning of her career she was capable of the perfect turn into the unforgettable lyric phrase. As she continued to write and to experience, her poetry took on a tone unaffectedly ecstatic. She wrote of love with directness and sincerity, never dramatizing her emotions like a man, but always putting them down in terms of a woman's nature. Her feeling never twisted away from its true value; she never crossed the line dividing emotion rendered at its full strength and emotion made spectacular by overemphasis. Her early love poems produce effects by the simplest means—by artless rhythms and quiet, almost meager, imagery. She wrote, as a woman should write, of love; she expressed fully the desire for complete union with the beloved, which is the mystic's as well as the lover's. In her later books she went farther along the path of mystic experience. The transport had lessened, and the contemplative mind now spoke. The later poems are rhythmically more varied, more tranquil and more sustained. The spirit, losing its frenzy, has found depth and illumination. Her talent is now technically accomplished and sure of its effects; her spirit, looking upon the earth and the human heart, and seeing how all things change and pass, still keeps its vision, a deepened vision, intact. These are the poems of a woman who has lost the world to find it, who has come full circle as an artist, having gained exactly what she should have gained to make her original gift complete. Sara Teasdale's poems are the record of a singularly pure and profound spiritual experience in our time. In poetry for the most part as moving and as dignified as any written in a great literary age, they trace the complete history of a gifted woman, from her youth to her middle years. For this record and this achievement, we must be grateful.

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# Russia Between Two Plans

THE END of the Soviet Five Year Plan of national economic and social development on December 31, 1932, was an important landmark in Russian history. For there is every indication that the second Five Year Plan, which runs from 1933 until the end of 1937, will be different from its predecessor not only in its specific objectives, but in the spirit and methods of execution. Important economic changes have taken place during the last few months and others are clearly in prospect. A definite era in Soviet development, an era of fierce, concentrated, strained drive for high-speed industrialization, regardless of the cost to the daily standard of living, has come to an end. A new cycle, in which the hard-ridden country may obtain a certain measure of rest and breathing space, is in the making.

The objectives of the first Five Year Plan were so manifold and their realization was so uneven that it is easy to make out an advocate's case for brilliant success or for dismal failure merely by focusing attention on the favorable or unfavorable results and ignoring the other aspects of the situation. I am inclined to believe that the best prophet of the outcome of the Plan was the anonymous author of an anecdote that had considerable vogue in Moscow in the early years of the Plan, when it was already evident that the drive for industrialization would demand heavy sacrifices in the field of food supply.

According to this story, two Russians, Ivan and Peter, meet each other driving high-powered airplanes, the fruits of industrialization, at the end of the Plan. Ivan asks Peter where he is going and Peter replies: "I'm flying to Kiev, to see if I can't get some eggs." Whereupon Ivan gloomily observes: "It's no use; I've just been there and there aren't any eggs."

Here in a nutshell one has two main results of the Plan: a large expansion in industrial plant accompanied by a marked contraction of food supply. Soviet industrial production has approximately doubled since 1928 and now stands at more than three times the pre-war figure. The country has been dotted with a network of new factories and electrical-power plants, some of them the largest of their kind in the world (one may mention the two tractor factories at Kharkov and Stalingrad and the hydro-electric power station on the lower Dnieper) and many of them pioneers in Russian industrial development. The country is beginning to produce on a large scale many things which were formerly imported from abroad, such as tractors, trucks, Diesel engines, synthetic chemicals and many kinds of machinery and equipment.

Economic dependence on the presumptively hostile "capitalist" outside world has lessened, and, as Stalin pointed out in a recent speech, the military potentialities of the country have been greatly strengthened. A trip through the Ural region which, with its rich mineral resources, has been marked out for especially intensive industrial construction, last summer showed me the double significance of many of the large new plants. The Cheliabinsk factory, largest in the world for the manufacture of heavy caterpillar tractors, could easily be set to making tanks. A Russian engineer who showed me around the impressive Sverdlovsk new machine-building works, closely modeled on the Krupp plant at Essen, remarked with obvious satisfaction: "We can make everything that Krupp ever made." And at the large new chemical works at Berezniki, in the northern Urals, on the Kama River, a foreign engineer observed: "One of the main objects which this plant is equipped to produce is ammonium nitrate. And that is an excellent fertilizer in time of peace and a mighty good explosive in time of war."

The drive to finish the Five Year Plan in four years, or rather, as a result of a changed method in computing the economic year, in four and a quarter years, led to serious overestimates in framing the production for 1931 and 1932. The 1931 Plan called for an increase in industrial output of 45 percent, by comparison with 1930. The actual rate of increase was slightly under 20 percent. And in 1932 a projected growth of 36 percent worked out in practice at 13.8 percent. However, these miscalculations cannot or should not obscure the fact that Russia has made substantial industrial progress under the Soviet regime. The following figures of output in the main industries speak for themselves:

| | 1913 | 1931 | 1932 |
|---|---|---|---|
| Coal | 28,900,000 (tons) | 58,000,000 | 52,400,000 |
| Oil | 9,300,000 " | 22,900,000 | 18,300,000 |
| Pig iron | 4,200,000 " | 4,900,000 | 5,100,000 |
| Production of kilowatt hours | 1,950,000,000 | 10,800,000,000 | —— |
| Cotton textiles | 2,275,200,000 (meters) | 2,246,000,000 | 1,995,900,000 |
| General machine building | 610,900,000 (rubles) | 4,153,000,000 | —— |
| Agricultural machinery | 55,000,000 (rubles) | 479,000,000[1] | —— |

Stalin recently asserted that the Five Year Plan was fulfilled by 93.6 percent and attributed the slight margin of underfulfilment to the danger of military complications in the Far East. Apparently this percentage referred only to industrial output. There are some elements in the Plan (quality of production, for instance, and equilibrium between various branches of economic life) which cannot be

[1] Ruble calculations are based on a fixed standard of valuation, the price level of 1926-1927.

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expressed in quantitative terms. And there are other objectives of the Plan (agricultural productivity and per-capita food consumption) where the margin of underfulfilment is much more serious than the 6.4 percent which Stalin estimated in the field of industrial output.

By all odds the most obvious and the most pressing problem which confronts the Soviet regime today is the food shortage. As the Plan went into effect, a rationing system, unknown under the New Economic Policy, was introduced and was gradually extended until it applied to most staple foodstuffs. The amount of food which the individual Soviet citizen receives on his ration card has been declining and is markedly less in the last year of the Plan than it was in 1929 and 1930. In those years meat was on sale with tolerable regularity every other day at controlled prices in the cooperative stores, manual workers being allowed to purchase a half-pound and brain workers a quarter of a pound. Now meat has become a rare luxury on the individual ration card. The sugar allotment, which was three pounds a month when rationing went into effect, has been cut down to one pound. Foreign specialists and skilled workers, paid in Soviet rubles, have seen the amount of meat which they could buy every month in the shop reserved for them in Moscow dwindle from fourteen kilograms in 1931 to five kilograms. Factory and office restaurants mitigate the severity of the meager individual rations for some classes of the population, and children get some extra food in schools and kindergartens. But the amount of food available for the whole population in Russia today is certainly smaller than it was before the Plan went into effect.

A food shortage in a country with Russia's natural agricultural wealth points to serious difficulties in the field of agricultural production. The Plan had projected a substantial growth in the output of food products as a result of two simultaneous processes: the drawing of an increasing number of small individual peasant holdings into larger collective-farm units, supplemented by big state farms, and the equipment of these collective and state farms with such modern farming machinery as tractors and harvesting combines.

The change in agricultural forms of organization has proceeded even faster than the Plan had suggested. Over 60 percent of the peasant households, under strong economic and sometimes administrative pressure, are enrolled in collective farms. Almost a hundred and fifty thousand tractors, of which approximately two-thirds are of Soviet manufacture, are operating on the state and collective farms. But agricultural productivity remains woefully low. There has been no recovery from the tremendous slaughtering of livestock in the winter of 1929-1930, when the peasants took this form of expressing their dissatisfaction with the forcible methods which were sometimes used to promote collectivization and with the state compulsory purchases of surplus grain at fixed prices. Neglect of the fields has led to an enormous weed crop and unmistakably and seriously lowered the grain and sugar-beet yields in 1932.

An interesting question, to which only the future can give the answer, is whether the poor farming that has thus far more than counterbalanced the increased mechanization of Soviet agriculture is a direct result of the loss of the peasants' old stimulus of private-property ownership or is rather to be attributed to the tremendous pressure which high-speed industrialization, carried out without foreign capital, has exerted upon the living standard of the whole population, and not least of the peasantry. Obeying the remorseless demands of its industrial Juggernaut, the Soviet government, up to recent months, has been taking from the peasants the whole of their surplus produce, with few exceptions, giving in return an inadequate amount of manufactured goods, because attention was predominantly centered on steel, metallurgical, machine-building, electrical, chemical and other plants which were valuable from an industrial and military standpoint, but produced nothing that could be eaten or worn. Exports of foodstuffs and manufactured goods that were badly needed within the country were forced in order to obtain the foreign currency with which to pay for machinery and equipment. Imports were rigorously restricted to machinery, equipment and essential raw materials. It is not surprising that daily life tended to become bleaker and harder or that the peasants, who are still much less under the influence of Communist propaganda than are the city workers, should have sustained a visible loss of working morale.

Collective farming may be tested under more favorable conditions in the future, because there is abundant evidence in recent decrees and speeches of the Soviet leaders of a realization that the process which someone wittily described as "starving itself great" can be and indeed has been pushed to a point where it is distinctly subject to a law of diminishing returns. Stalin's recent speech and other official pronouncements from Moscow indicate that the second Five Year Plan will be ushered in by three major changes of economic policy.

First, there will be a slowing down in the feverish tempo of industrial progress. There will be no more impossible grasping after 36 or 45-percent gains in annual output. Stalin suggested that 13 or 14 percent would be a reasonable figure of annual growth during the second Plan.

Second, there will be a shift of emphasis from the "heavy" industries which were pushed ahead at the expense of everything else during the last five years to the "light" industries which turn out goods for the immediate use of the consumer. In this way the state hopes to build up a sort of natural exchange fund which will coax and stimulate the peasants to raise more produce for the market.

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Third, the whole method of dealing with the peasants will be altered. Instead of making an indefinite and often arbitrary demand for the whole of the peasant's surplus produce, a definite fixed levy in kind will be made. This suggests a return to the tax in kind which was the cornerstone of Lenin's New Economic Policy in 1921. One very important difference must be noted in this connection, however. In 1921 the bars were let down for unrestricted freedom of private trade. Today draconic regulations whereby middlemen and speculators may be punished by imprisonment in concentration camps remain in force.

While these new economic trends point in the direction of easing the almost intolerable strain which the first Five Year Plan imposed on the endurance of the population, there is no sign whatever that Stalin's regime is loosening or proposing to loosen its iron dictatorial grip on the political and economic life of the country. Concessions to the overwhelming demand of the industrialization-weary population for fewer "industrial giants" and more food and manufactured goods are accompanied by severe repressive measures, when these are regarded as essential.

In short, while Stalin is evidently convinced of the necessity for certain readjustments and changes of economic orientation, he is by no means disposed to countenance retreat along the whole Five Year Plan line or to tolerate any advocacy of such a retreat on the part of others. The purge of the Communist party which is now being undertaken is a potent weapon for keeping the rank-and-file member in line.

Stalin's policy, so far as it can be gauged from recent developments, is to declare something in the nature of a two or three-year moratorium on large-scale new industrial construction until the technique of efficiently operating the plants which have already been built or are on the way to completion has been mastered and until the country's hunger for food and manufactured goods can be alleviated. But he evidently intends to hold firmly to the principle of collective farming and to suppress ruthlessly any movement, inside the party or outside it, which would aim at a return to the former system of individual farming.

This effort to consolidate the gains and to redress the disproportions of the Five Year Plan is bound to lead to interesting results, perhaps in the near future. In a sense final judgment on the first Five Year Plan will depend in no small measure on the working out of the second Plan. If the new measures lead to a quick upturn in agricultural production, there will be a case for the Communist thesis that the hardships and privations of the last years were justified in the light of the industrial progress which was achieved. But if the agrarian crisis fails to yield to treatment, if the harvest of 1933 is as unsatisfactory as its two predecessors, weight will be lent to the arguments of those critics who attacked the Plan as overambitious and out of proportion to Russia's human and technical resources.

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN.

# Heil, Hitler!

IT IS extremely difficult for American correspondents to see Hitler. He has a deep-rooted suspicion of them all. It was only after I had been passed upon by the press department of the National Socialist party that I was permitted to visit the new Chancellor at his summer "Brown House" a hundred or so miles from Munich. Here he was living with his secretaries and his bodyguards, seeing the many callers who flocked to his house daily.

His greeting, when I was introduced to him, was perfunctory, suggesting latent hostility, and my first question brought this forth into full flame. I had asked him whether his anti-Semitism concerned Jews everywhere or whether he had something specific against German-Jews as such.

"In America you exclude any would-be immigrants you do not care to admit," he said emphatically. "You regulate their number. Not content with that, you prescribe their physical condition. Not content with that, you insist on the conformity of their political opinions. We demand the same right in Germany. We have no concern with the Jews of other lands, but we are very much concerned about the anti-German elements within our country. We demand the right to deal with these elements as we see fit. Jews have been the intellectual proponents of subversive anti-German movements, and as such they must be dealt with."

On foreign affairs Hitler proved uncompromising. In spite of the concessions which Germany had recently received at Lausanne, he considered France to be playing the bully, holding down a helpless opponent and choking him to death.

"How can we have friendly relations with France while this attitude continues?" he asked. He referred to separatist movements in Germany which he evidently feels are receiving aid from French sources. He summed up his comment with this sentence: "The existence of our sixty-five million people is a fact with which France must reckon; they want to live!"

Germany's relations with Russia are always important and I asked him what a National Socialist government would do about that country.

"It is possible, of course, to differentiate be-

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tween a government and its policies," he said. "The Fascist government of Italy has dealings with Soviet Russia and at the same time carries on vigorous prosecution of Communists in Italy. But it is impossible for any country to have really good relations with Russia if it has a large number of Communists within its own borders."

Some National Socialists visualize a block of Fascist states extending from the Mediterranean to the Baltic. Such a grouping might include Albania, Italy, Hungary, Austria, Germany, Finland, Esthonia and Latvia. Hitler's reaction to the suggestion of this possibility was interesting. "There will be no Fascist block of states," he said. "But remember that Europe is accustomed to being governed by systems which extend over many countries. Many times in the past governmental systems and ideas have crossed frontiers, acquired local color and flourished. Mussolini once said that Fascism was not an article of export. I would say the same thing of our National Socialism.

"Europe," he continued, "cannot maintain itself, riding the uncertain currents of democracy. Europe must have authoritarian government. In the past this authoritarian leadership was provided by the monarch or by the Catholic Church. The form which the authority takes may differ. But parliamentarism is not native to us and does not belong to our traditions. Yet because the parliamentary system has not functioned we cannot substitute brute force. Bayonets alone will not sustain any government for any length of time. To be viable a government must have the support of the masses. A dictatorship cannot be established in a vacuum. Any government that does not derive its strength from the people will fail the moment it confronts a crisis. The soldier and the policeman do not constitute the substance of a state. Yet dictatorship is justified if the people declare their confidence in one man and ask him to lead."

Hitler's mind is resourceful, but not flexible. Its operations are not under complete control. For some minutes his statements may be logical, then suddenly he runs off on a tangent and gets away from the matter in hand. He speaks with such force and torrential speed that it is difficult for an interviewer to interject questions.

Sometimes his logic is hard to follow. He insisted that with little more than one-third of the German vote he had the right to complete control. Here is his argument: "Under the rules of democracy, a majority of 51 percent has the right to control the country. I now have 37 percent of all the votes. That is 75 percent of the necessary power. I am entitled to three-fourths of the power and my opponents to one-fourth. In the run-off election for President I stood alone and won thirteen million votes. That is my hard-earned capital. I slaved for it and risked my life for it. Without my party, no one can govern Germany today. Let us consider the German government as though it were a business. I am bringing into this business 75 percent of the total capital investment. Whoever furnishes the rest, whether it is the President or the political parties, is only contributing 25 percent of the total capital. Moreover, every unit of the 75-percent investment which I make is worth twice as much of that of the others. I have the bravest, the most energetic, yes, and the best disciplined Germans in my ranks. That is why I don't have to march on Berlin—I am already there. The only question is, who will have to march out of Berlin. My fifteen million voters are actually worth thirty million. That is no mean capital investment. It can be put to work in the business of governing Germany forthwith without any majority votes, without commissions or committees. It can be put to work on the say-so of one man—myself."

This last sentence allowed me to put this question: "Which is more important to the success of a movement, the personality of its leader or the policies of his party?" to which he replied, "There is no fundamental sense in which you can separate the leader from his party. They are identical. It is only after the period of organization has passed, after party ideas have been translated into governmental action and after this action has been tested by experience, that you can dispense with the leader, or remove him if he should be guilty of transgressions.

"No idea can be launched without a leader. You cannot separate Fascism from the personality of Mussolini. Had Frederick the Great died prematurely, there would have been no state of Prussia. If Bismarck had died in 1869, there would have been no German Empire. Ten years later he might have been dispensed with. Only after a movement has been under way for a long time can it develop the historic background, and the traditions that would enable it to carry on without a strong leader."

The National Socialist party platform has had much to say about the iniquities of Big Business. Department stores were to be socialized, interest was to be reduced or abolished, land was to be confiscated for social purposes and income without labor was to be abolished. The only part of this program specifically mentioned in Hitler's radio appeal to the German electorate is compulsory labor service. Nor was there much radicalism in Hitler's answer to my question as to why he opposed Big Business. "I do not oppose Big Business in all cases," he replied. "I am well aware that you cannot build an ocean liner or a locomotive without business organization. But we believe in the wide distribution of wealth. We live next door to a country that has abolished private property. We do not wish to do that, but we must see to it that the average man has a chance to acquire property. In your country everyone still carries the marshal's baton in his knapsack. Not so in Germany. Yet I cannot tell sixty-five million Germans that they should be satisfied with nothing

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because fifty thousand Germans happen to have a great deal. The more millions of our people own property, the better it will be for our whole nation and the less temptation there will be for our people to follow the Russian experiment. The collectivist idea cannot mean real progress. There must be competition. But the competition must promote individual welfare."

Hitler reveals a much sounder social and economic philosophy in private conversation than when he speaks in public. He has the orator's instinct for exaggeration and popularization, and is utterly conscienceless about speaking for effect. He knows the mob mind, and has gone out to win it. In speaking with me, he indicated that he would never take the chancellorship unless and until he had the power to enforce his party program. But he has now accepted power with crippling handicaps. Von Hindenburg, von Papen, Hugenberg, Defense Minister von Blomberg, Foreign Minister von Neurath are every one opposed to many of his policies and principles. Yet they are his associates in the government of Germany. He is sworn to obey the Constitution and is likely to do so. The time for a Fascist coup d' état is past. Hitler himself had definitely lost prestige and power before he won the chancellorship. Whatever the result of the March fifth election, it will not give Adolf Hitler the opportunity to establish his long heralded *Drittes Reich*. H. V. KALTENBORN.

# An Introduction to Hart Crane

AGRARIAN America had a common culture, which was both the fruit and the carrier of what I have called elsewhere "the great tradition." This tradition rose in the Mediterranean world with the will of Egypt, Israel and Greece, to recreate the individual and the group in the image of values called divine. The same will established Catholic Europe, and when it failed (producing none the less what came to be the national European cultures), the great tradition survived. It survived in the Europe of Renaissance, Reformation, Revolution. With the Puritans, it was formally transplanted to the North American seaboard. Roger Williams, Thomas Hooker, Jonathan Edwards; later, Jefferson, Madison, Adams, carried on the great tradition with the same tools, on the same intellectual and economic terms, that had been brought from Europe and that had failed in Europe. It was transplanted, it was not transfigured. But before the final defeat of the Puritan avatar—a defeat ensured by the disappearance of our agrarian economy—the great tradition had borne fruit in two general forms. The first was the ideological art of what Lewis Mumford calls the Golden Day: a prophetic art of poets so diverse as Emerson, Thoreau, Poe, whose vision was one of Possibility and whose doom, since its premise was a disappearing world, was to remain suspended in the thin air of aspiration. The second was within the lives of the common people. Acceptance of the great tradition had its effect upon their character; and this humbler achievement is recorded, perhaps finally, in the poems of Robert Frost.

Frost's record ("North of Boston," 1914; "Mountain Interval," 1916) was already made when the United States entered the War; and the War brought final ruin to the American culture of "free" individuals living for the most part on farms, whose beauty Frost recorded. The tradition which had tempered the persons in Frost's poems had already, before the Civil War, sung its last high word in the old terms that were valid from Plato to Fichte. And this too was fitting, for the Civil War prepared the doom, which the World War completed, of the agrarian class culture. But the great tradition, unbroken from Hermes Trismegistus and Moses, does not die. In a society transfigured by new scientific and economic forces, it must be transfigured. The literature and philosophy of the past hundred years reveal many efforts at this transfiguration: in this common purpose, Nietzsche and Marx are brothers. The poetry of Whitman was still founded on the substances of the old order. The poetry of Hart Crane is a deliberate continuance of the great tradition in terms of our industrialized world.

If we bear in mind this purpose of Crane's work, we shall be better prepared to understand his methods, his content, his obscurity. We shall of course not seek the clear forms of a poet of Probability, like Frost. But we shall also not too widely trust Crane's kinship with the poets of the Emersonian era, whose tradition he immediately continues. They were all, like Crane, bards of possibility rather than scribes of realization. Yet they relied upon inherited forms—forms emotional, ethical, social, intellectual and religious, transplanted from Europe and not too deliquescent for their uses. Whitman's apocalypse rested on the politics of Jefferson and on the economics of the physiocrats of France. Emerson was content with the ideology of Plato and Buddha, his own class world not too radically differing from theirs. Even Emily Dickinson based her explosive doubts upon the permanent premise of a sheltered private garden, to which such as she could always meditatively retire. These conventional assumptions gave to the poets of the Golden Day an accessible, communicable form; for we too have been nurtured on the words of that old order. But in Crane, none of the ideal landmarks, none

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of the formal securities, survive; therefore his language problem—the poet's need to find words at once to create and to communicate his vision—is acute. Crane who began to write while Frost was perfecting his record, lived, instinctively at first, then with poignant awareness, in a world whose cant outlines of persons, class, creed, value—still clear, however weak, in Emerson's Boston, Whitman's New York, Poe's Richmond—had dissolved. His vision was the timeless One of all the seers, and it binds him to the great tradition; but because of the Time that fleshed him and that he needed to substance his vision, he could not employ traditional concretions. In his lack of valid terms to express his relationship with life, Crane was a true culture-child; more completely than either Dickinson or Blake, he was a child of modern man.

Harold Hart Crane was born in Garrettsville, Ohio, July 21, 1899. His parents, Clarence Arthur Crane and Grace Hart, were of the pioneer stock that trekked in covered wagons from New England to the Western Reserve. But his grandparents, on both sides, had already shifted from the farm to small-town business, and Clarence Crane, who had inherited his father's general store in Garrettsville, became a wealthy candy manufacturer in Cleveland. Here, the poet, an only child, lived from his tenth year. At thirteen, he was composing verse; at sixteen, in the words of Gorham Munson, "he was writing on a level that Amy Lowell never rose from." In the winter of 1916, he went with his mother, who was separated from her husband, to the Isle of Pines, south of Cuba, where his grandfather Hart had a fruit ranch; and this journey, which gave him his first experience of the sea, was cardinal in his growth. The following year, he was in New York, in contact with Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap, editors of The Little Review; tutoring for college; writing; already passionately and rather wildly living.

At this time, two almost mutually exclusive tendencies divided the American literary scene. One was centered in Ezra Pound, Alfred Kreymborg, the imagists, Harriet Monroe's Poetry and The Little Review: the other was grouped about The Seven Arts. Young Crane was in vital touch with both. He was reading Marlowe, Donne, Laforgue, Rimbaud; but he was also finding inspiration in Whitman, Sherwood Anderson and Melville. His action, when the United States lurched into war, reveals the complexity of his interests. He decided not to go to college and by his own choice returned to Cleveland, to work as a common laborer in a munition plant and a shipyard on the lake. He loved machines, the earth-tang of the workers. He was no poet in an ivory tower. But he also loved music; he wanted time to write, to meditate, to read. The conflict of desires led him, perhaps, to accept what seemed a comfortable compromise: a job in the candy business of his father.

The elder Crane seems to have been a man of turbulent and twisted power, wholly loyal to the gods of Commerce. He was sincerely outraged by the jest of fortune which had given him a poet for a son. Doubtless, he was bitter at his one child's siding with the mother in the family conflict. But under all, there was a secret emotional bond between the two, making for the ricochet of antagonism and attraction that lasted between them until the father's death, a year before the poet's. The candy magnate set laboriously to work to drive the "poetry nonsense" out of his boy. Hart became a candy salesman behind a counter, a soda-jerker, a shipping clerk. He received a minimum wage. Trusted employees were detailed to spy on him, lest he read "poetry books" during work hours. Hart Crane escaped several times from the paternal yoke, usually to advertising jobs near home or in New York. And at last, in 1920, he decided to break with both Cleveland and his father.

His exquisite balance of nerves was already permanently impaired. The youthful poet, who had left a comfortable household to live with machines and rough men, who had shouldered "the curse of sundered parentage," who had tasted the strong drink of literature and war, carried within him a burden intricate and heavy—a burden hard to hold in equilibrium. Doubtless the chaos of his personal life led him to rationalize the accessible tangent ease from the strain of balance which excess use of alcohol invited. Yet there was a deeper cause for the disequilibrium which, when Crane was thirty-two, was finally to break him from his love of life and to destroy him. Hart Crane was a mystic. The mystic is a man who *knows,* by immediate experience, the organic continuity of his self with the cosmos. This experience, which is the normal fruit of sensitivity, becomes intense in one whose native energy is great; and lest it turn into an overwhelming, shattering burden, it must be disciplined and ordered. A stable nucleus within the self must be achieved, to bear and finally transfigure the world's impinging chaos. Personally, Crane did not win this synthesis.

But the poet was clearer and shrewder than the man. His mind sought a poetic principle to integrate the exuberant flood of his impressions. The early poems, collected in "White Buildings" (1926), reveal the quest, not the finding. Allen Tate, in his Introduction to this volume, writes: "The poems . . . are facets of a single vision; they refer to a central imagination, a single evaluating power, which is at once the motive of the poetry and the form of its realization." But the central imagination, wanting a unitary principle, wavers and breaks; turns back upon itself instead of mastering the envisaged substance of the poem. That is why, often, a fragmentary part of a poem is greater than the whole: and why it is, at times, impossible to transpose the series of images into the sense-and-thought sequence that originally moved the poet and that must be perceived, in order to move the reader.

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The mediate principle, coterminous with the image logic of the poem and the feeling logic of the poet, is imperfect. The first lines of the volume:

> As silent as a mirror is believed
> Realities plunge in silence by. . . .

are a superb expression of chaos and of the poet's need to integrate this chaos in the active mirror of self. Page after page, "realities plunge by," only ephemerally framed in a mirroring mood which alas! melts, itself, into the turbulent procession. Objective reality exists in these poems only as an oblique moving-inward to the poet's mood. But the mood is never, as in imagist or romantic verse, given for and as itself. It is given only as an organic moving-outward toward the objective world. Each lyric is a diapason between two integers of a continuous whole. But the integers (subjective and objective) are almost never clear. This makes of the poem an abstract, wavering, esthetic body. There is not yet, as in the later work, a conscious substantiated theme or principle of vision to stratify the interracting parts of the poems into an immobile whole.

But in the final six lyrics of this volume ("Voyages") there is the beginning of a synthesis. Its symbolic theme is the Sea. The turbulent experience of Crane's childhood and youth is fused in a litany to the Sea.

> . . . Sleep, death, desire,
> Close round one instant in one floating flower.

The sea, first source of life, first Mother, is death to man. To woo it is to return to death's simple singleness. This solution from the burden of chaos is like the erotic mysticism of D. H. Lawrence. Immersion—hence loss—of the burdened mystic self in perfect sexual union is a romantic myth, old as the myth of the Sea. It satisfied Lawrence. But Crane was intellectually too strong, and too robust an artist, to abide it. "White Buildings" closes on the unitary theme of surrender. But the poet is ready to begin his quest again.

In 1924, the poems of "White Buildings" written but not yet published, Crane was living in Brooklyn, in range of the Harbor, the Bridge, the sea-sounds. . . .

> Gongs in white surplices, beshrouded wails,
> Far strum of fog horns. . . .

And now, the integrating theme came to him.

The will of Crane in "The Bridge" is deliberately myth-making. But this will, as we have seen, is born of a desperate, personal need: the mystic *must* create order from the chaos with which his associative genius overwhelms him. The Poem retains this personal origin. The revelation of "The Bridge," as principle and myth, comes to an individual in the course of his day's business; and that individual is the poet. In this sense, "The Bridge" is allied to the "Commedia" of Dante, who also, in response to desperate need, takes a journey in the course of which his need finds consummation.

Lest the analogy be misleading, I immediately amend it. Dante's cosmos, imaged in an age of cultural maturity, when the life of man was coterminous with his vision, contains Time and persons: only in the ecstatic last scenes of the "Paradiso" are they momently merged and lost. Therefore, the line of Dante's poem is clear, being forth and back in Time: and the focus of the action is cogent, being the person of the Poet with whom the reader can readily graph points of reference. Crane's cosmos has no Time and his person-sense is vacillant and evanescent. Crane's journey is that of an individual unsure of his own form and lost to Time. This difference at once clarifies the disadvantageous esthetic of "The Bridge" as compared with that of broadly analogous poems of cosmic search, like the "Commedia" or "Don Quixote." It exemplifies the role played by the cultural epoch in the creation of even the most personal work of genius.

In "Proem," the poet exhorts the object of his choice—the Bridge. It shall synthesize the world of chaos. It joined city, river and sea; man made it with his new hand, the machine. And parabola-wise, it shall now vault the continent, and transmuted, reach that inward heaven which is the fulfilment of man's need of order. Part One, "Ave Maria," is the vision of Columbus, mystic navigator who mapped his voyage in Isaiah, seeking to weld the world's riven halves into one. But this Columbus is scarcely a person; he is suffused in his history and his ocean; his will is more substantial than his eye. Nor does he live in Time. Part Two, "Powhatan's Daughter" (the Indian Princess is the flesh of America, the American earth, and mother of our dream), begins the recital of the poet's journey which traces in extension (as Columbus in essence) the myth's trajectory. The poet awakes in his room above the Harbor, beside his lover. Risen (taking the harbor and the sea-sounds with him), he walks through the lowly Brooklyn streets: but walks with his cultural past: Pizarro, Cortés, Priscilla, and now Rip Van Winkle whose eyes, fresh from sleep, will abide the poet's as they approach the transfigured world of today. The poet descends the subway that tunnels the East River (the Bridge is above); and now the subway is a river "leaping" from Far Rockaway to Golden Gate. A river of steel rails at first, bearing westward America's urban civilization ("Stick your patent name on a signboard") and waking as it runs the burdened trudge of pioneers and all their worlds of factory and song. The patterning march of the American settlers traces the body, gradually, of Pocahontas; the flow of continent and man becomes the Great River; the huge travail of continental life, after the white man and before him, is borne southward, "meeting the Gulf." Powhatan's daughter, America's flesh,

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dances and the flesh becomes spirit. Dances the poet's boyhood memories of star and lake, of "sleek boat nibbling margin grass"; dances at last into the life of an Indiana mother home from a frustrate trek to California for gold, who is bidding her son farewell; he is going east again to follow the sea. ("Write me from Rio.")

There are no persons in the universe, barely emergent from chaos, of Hart Crane; and this first crystallization—the prairie mother—is the first weak block in the Poem's structure. Now, with Part Three, "Cutty Sark," the physical course of the poet (the subway ride has exploded into the cosmic implication of the River) returns to view, but blurred. The poet is in South Street, Manhattan, near midnight: he is carousing with a sailor who brings him in snatches of song Leviathan, Plato, Stamboul—and a dim harbinger of Atlantis. "I started walking home across the Bridge": there, in the hallucinatory parade of clippers who once winked round the Horn "bright skysails ticketing the Line," the poet is out again, now seaward.

Part Four, "Cape Hatteras," is the turning point of the Poem. Thus far, we have seen the individual forms of the poet's crowded day melt into widening, deepening cycles of association. Columbus into the destiny and will of the Atlantic: two lovers into the harbor, the harbor into the sea: subway into a transcontinental railroad, into a continent, into a River; the River into the Gulf; the Indian princess into the Earth Mother, and her dance into the tumult and traffic of the nation; ribald South Street into a vision—while the Bridge brings the clippers that bring China—of Atlantis. Now, the movement turns back toward crystallization. "Cape Hatteras" at first invokes the geologic age that lifted the Appalachians above the sea; the cosmic struggle sharpens into the birth of the airplane—industrial America; the "red, eternal flesh of Pocahontas" gives us, finally, Walt Whitman. "Years of the Modern! Propulsions toward what capes?" The Saunterer on the Open Road takes the hand of the poet. Parts Five and Six are interludes. Part Seven, "The Tunnel," carries the poem to its climax. The poet, in mid air and at midnight, leaves the Bridge; he "comes down to earth" and returns home as he had left, by subway. This unreal collapse of bridge into subway has meaning. The subway is the tunnel. The tunnel is America, and is a kind of hell. But it has dynamic direction. In this plunging subway darkness, appears Poe:

> And why do I often meet your visage here,
> Your eyes like agate lanterns. . . ?

If the reader understand Poe, he will understand the apparition. Of all the classic poets of the great tradition in America, Poe—perhaps the least as artist—was the most advanced, the most prophetic, as thinker. All, as we have noted, were content more or less with the merely transplanted terms of an agrarian culture. Only Poe guessed the transfiguring effect of the Machine upon the forms of human life, upon the very concept of the person. The Tunnel gives us man in his industrial hell which the machine—his hand and heart—has made; now let the machine be his godlike hand to uplift him! The plunging subway shall merge with the vaulting bridge. Whitman gives the vision, Poe—however vaguely—the method. The final part, "Atlantis," is a transposed return to the beginning. The Bridge, in Time, has linked Atlantis with Cathay. Now it becomes an absolute experience. Like any human event, *fully known,* it links man instantaneously, "beyond time," with the Truth.

The principle that Crane sought to make him master of his sense of immediate continuity with a world overwhelmingly chaotic gave him "The Bridge"; but in actual life it did not sustain him. The later poems, despite their technical perfection (and with the exception of "The Broken Tower"), mark a retreat to the mood of the last pages of "White Buildings." The Sea, symbol of the return to a unity of personal abolition, had ebbed while the poet stood upon his mythic bridge; now again it was rising. The periodicity of his excesses grew swifter; the lucid intervening times when he could write were crowded out. Crane went to Mexico, where personal extinction has for a thousand years inspired a cult and a culture. On his return to New York, symbol of the chaos in his life, there was the Sea; and he could not resist it. As his boat was bearing him from the warm waters which fifteen years before had given him a symbol, he took off his coat, quietly, and joined the Sea forever.

The beauty of most of Crane's lyrics, and of many passages of "The Bridge," seems to me to be inviolable. If I analyze this conviction, I am brought first to the poetic texture. Its traditional base is complex. Here is a music plainly related to the Elizabethan poets. And here, also, is a sturdy lilt like the march of those equal children of the Elizabethans—the pioneers. Although Crane describes a modern cabaret . . .

> Brazen hypnotics glitter here;
> Glee shifts from foot to foot. . . .

always, there is the homely metronomic, linking him to his fathers. Hence the organic soundness of his verse. Its *livingness* it owes to the dimension of variant emergence from the traditional music, like the emergence of our industrial world from the base of old America. The entire intellectual and spiritual content of Crane's verse could be derived from a study of his typical texture. And this is earnest of its importance.

The structural pattern of "The Bridge" is superb: a man moves of a morning from Brooklyn to Manhattan, returns at midnight, each stage of his course adumbrating by the mystic law of continuity into American figures with cosmic overtones,

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and all caught up in a mythic Bridge whose functional span is a parabola, and an immediate act, of vision. The Poem's flaw lies in the weakness of the personal crystallization upon which the vision rests, as the Bridge is spanned upon its piers. This flaw gets into the idiom and texture. Sometimes the image blurs, the sequence breaks, the plethora of words is blinding. There is even, in the development of certain figures, a tendency toward inflation which one is tempted to connect with the febrile, false ebullience of the American epoch (1924-1929) in which the poem was written. Yet the concept is sound; the poet's genius has on the whole equaled his ambition. Even the failings in execution help to express the epoch, for it is in the understanding and creating of *persons* that our rapidly collectivizing age is weakest.

Crane's myth must, of course, not be confused with the myth as we find it in Homer or the Bible or the Nibelungen. The Bridge is not a particularized being to be popularly sung; it is a conceptual symbol to be *used*. And the fact that this symbol begins as a man-constructed thing is of the essence of its truth for our instrumental age. From a machine-made entity, the Poem makes the Bridge into a machine. But it has beauty. This means that through the men who builded it, the life of America has flowed into it—the life of our past *and our future*. A cosmic content has given beauty to the Bridge, and must give it a poetic function. From being a machine of matter, it becomes an instrument of spirit. *The Bridge is matter made into human action.*

We may confidently say that this message of "The Bridge" will be more comprehensible in the future (not in the immediate future), when the functionally limited materialism of our collectivist era has, through success, grown inadequate to the deepened needs of a mankind released from economic insecurity and prepared, by leisure, for regeneration. For even as necessity, today and tomorrow, drives most men to think collectively in order that they may survive; necessity, day after tomorrow, will drive men to think personally (poetically, cosmically) in order that their survival may have meaning. When the collectivist era has done its work—the abolition of economic classes and of animal want—men will turn, as only the privileged of the past could ever turn, toward the discovery of Man. But when that time comes, the message of "The Bridge" will be taken for granted; it will be too obvious, even as today it is too obscure, for general interest. The revelation, in Crane's poems, however, of a man who through the immediate conduit of his senses realized the organic unity between his self, the objective world and the cosmos, will be accepted as a great human value. And the poems whose very texture reveals and sings this man will be remembered.

WALDO FRANK.

# *FOUR POEMS BY HART CRANE*[1]

## Eternity

*September—remember!*
*October—all over.*
BARBADIAN ADAGE.

After it was over, though still gusting balefully,
The old woman and I foraged some drier clothes
And left the house, or what was left of it;
Parts of the roof reached Yucatan, I suppose.
She almost—even then—got blown across lots
At the base of the mountain. But the town, the town!

Wires in the streets and Chinamen up and down
With arms in slings, plaster strewn dense with tiles,
And Cuban doctors, troopers, trucks, loose hens . . .
The only building not sagging on its knees,
Fernandez' Hotel, was requisitioned into pens
For cotted Negroes, bandaged to be taken
To Havana on the first boat through. They groaned.

But was there a boat? By the wharf's old site you saw
Two decks unsandwiched, split sixty feet apart
And a funnel high and dry up near the park
Where a frantic peacock rummaged amid heaped cans.
No one seemed to be able to get a spark
From the world outside, but some rumor blew
That Havana, not to mention poor Batabano,
Was halfway under water with fires
For some hours since—all wireless down
Of course, there too.

Back at the erstwhile house
We shoveled and sweated; watched the ogre sun
Blister the mountain, stripped now, bare of palm,
Everything—and lick the grass, as black as patent
Leather, which the rimed white wind had glazed.
Everything gone—or strewn in riddled grace—
Long tropic roots high in the air, like lace.
And somebody's mule steamed, swaying right by the pump,
Good God! as though his sinking carcass there
Were death predestined! You hold your nose already
Along the roads, begging for buzzards, vultures . . .
The mule stumbled, staggered. I somehow couldn't budge
To lift a stick for pity of his stupor.

For I
Remember still that strange gratuity of horses
—One ours, and one, a stranger, creeping up with dawn
Out of the bamboo brake through howling, sheeted light

[1] These poems were selected from a group found among Hart Crane's papers by Messrs. Waldo Frank and Samuel Loveman. A careful check of the magazines in which Crane's work appeared seems to show that none of them has previously been printed.—THE EDITORS.

PHILURA GOULD BA... MEMOR...

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When the storm was dying. And Sarah saw them, too—
Sobbed. Yes, now—it's almost over. For they know;
The weather's in their noses. There's Don—but that one, white
—I can't account for him! And true, he stood
Like a vast phantom maned by all that memoried night
Of screaming rain—Eternity!

Yet water, water!
I beat the dazed mule toward the road. He got that far
And fell dead or dying, but it didn't so much matter.

The morrow's dawn was dense with carrion hazes
Sliding everywhere. Bodies were rushed into graves
Without ceremony, while hammers pattered in town.
The roads were being cleared, injured brought in
And treated, it seemed. In due time
The President sent down a battleship that baked
Something like two thousand loaves on the way.
Doctors shot ahead from the deck in planes.
The fever was checked. I stood a long time in Mack's talking
New York with the gobs, Guantanamo, Norfolk—
Drinking Bacardi and talking U.S.A.

## The Return

The sea raised up a campanile . . . The wind I heard
Of brine partaking, whirling spout in shower
Of column kiss—that breakers spouted, sheared
Back into bosom—me—her, into natal power . . .

## And Bees of Paradise

I had come all the way here from the sea,
Yet met the wave again between your arms
Where cliff and citadel—all verily
Dissolved within a sky of beacon forms—

Sea gardens lifted rainbow-wise through eyes
I found.
Yes, tall, inseparably our days
Pass sunward. We have walked the kindled skies
Inexorable and girded with your praise,
By the dove filled, and bees of Paradise.

## A Traveler Born

Of sailors—those two Corsicans at Marseilles—
The Dane at Paris, and those weeks of May
With distance, lizard-like, green as Pernod . . .
This Connecticut rain, its smashing fall, its wet inferno—

Enforces memory—prison, perfume of women, and the fountain—
Oh, final apple-math of ripe night fallen!
Concluding handclasp, cider, summer-swollen,
Folds, and is folded in the echoing mountain . . .
Yields and is shielded, wrapt in traffic flame.

HART CRANE.

# Washington Notes

*The Good Mixer—Hopeful Progressives—Conservatives in the Cabinet—Support for the Glass Banking Bill*

IT HAS been interesting here in Washington during the past week or so to observe the Democrats returning from Warm Springs conferences. Nearly all of them appear swollen with the confidences the President-elect has reposed in them. In private conversation they are more than willing to impart the confidence thus reposed, and I have listened attentively to quite a number. In no case, however, have I been able to discover that Mr. Roosevelt did anything except in a general way to convey the impression to the visitor that he was his friend, that he was perfectly delighted to see him, that he wanted, when he was in the White House, to see a great deal of him and to work very closely with him, and that in a broad way he was "sound" on the principles and policies advocated by his visitor. If there has been much more than that in any case, I have not been able to discover it.

It has been interesting also to note that the progressive Senators with whom Mr. Roosevelt has conferred return in a more enthusiastic frame of mind than the representatives of the conservative Eastern Democrats. Senator Norris, for example, and likewise Senators Bronson Cutting and Robert M. La Follette, feel that Roosevelt's attitude is such as to enable them to coöperate harmoniously and wholeheartedly in the next administration, and they are all prepared so to do.

It will be a new experience for the progressive group. Not since the original Senate progressives—Dolliver, Cummins and Beveridge—formed a small but cohesive and effective band, during the Taft administration, has it been possible for them to coöperate in any way with the White House incumbent. On the contrary, the progressive record has been one of unremitting and consistent hostility to the President and his party policies. There has been no man since Theodore Roosevelt with whom they have had the least sympathy or to whom they could look for a leadership.

I think that these progressives, more than any others, have something in the way of concrete facts upon which to base their friendly feeling toward the President-elect. There is the public commitment he has made in the Muscle Shoals matter, an act which has sent the rather pessimistic and melancholy Norris into transports of admiration. "Is he really with you?" Mr. Norris was asked after his return from the Southern trip with Mr. Roosevelt. "He is more than with me," was the enthusiastic reply, "because he plans to go even farther than I did, but in the same direction."

Cutting and La Follette were not quite so stimulated upon their return from Warm Springs, and yet sufficiently pleased to indicate a profound belief in the progressiveness of Mr. Roosevelt. This basis of this feeling upon their part, I think, was, first, because of an implied promise of support for the La Follette relief-appropriation bill and second, because of the feeling that the Cabinet would not be dominated by representatives of what they conceive to be the "Wall Street interests." They recognized the neces-

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sity of a conservative Secretary of the Treasury, but they feared that Mr. Roosevelt might give them some such combination as Owen D. Young and B. M. Baruch. One of these the progressive supporters were prepared to accept as a necessity, but two undoubtedly would have met with a protest of considerable strength.

As a matter of fact, I am told that both Cutting and La Follette had their bristles erect over the report when they went to Warm Springs. They returned relieved in their minds, soothed with assurances that the Cabinet as a whole would be acceptable. In fact Senator Cutting, it is definitely known, was asked to be Secretary of the Interior and I am by no means certain yet that he will not be. When Mr. Roosevelt sailed away, while the Glass and Walsh appointments were pretty generally accepted, he had succeeded in completely preserving the secret of his Secretary of State and speculation ranged over a wide list, all the more conspicuous party personages being eliminated for one reason or another by the shrewd guessers in our midst, who are so often wrong. The very latest names suggested are those of Senator Cordell Hull and Mr. Roosevelt's closest professional friend, Raymond Moley. This last, it seems to me, is a really plausible idea.

So much for the progressive side. Turning to the conservative advisers and friends of the President-elect, we find them in a much less enthusiastic state after their conferences, and yet completely convinced that the new leader intends to balance the budget, cut down expenses in line with his platform and campaign pledges and set his face firmly against all forms of "inflation." He intends, they assert, to restore the national solvency and preserve the "soundness" of the dollar. If that is done, they say, it is as much as can be expected and he should have solid business support.

On the whole Roosevelt has managed things extremely well. His experts, both political and academic, have been hard at work preparing his program, and he has in at least one instance taken a firm hand in the direction of the present session. After the Glass banking bill passed the Senate, House leaders did not hesitate to say that it could not possibly get through the House at all. The blatant Mr. Long elegantly said it was in the ashcan, and it certainly seemed sunk for the session. It was not even proposed to bring it out of the Banking Committee, where several members are as violently opposed to the bill as Huey Long himself. Suddenly word came from Warm Springs that Mr. Roosevelt wanted that bill passed and out of the way before the session ended. There was a quick reversal in the attitude of House leaders. Mr. Garner promised a vote as soon as the measure came from the Committee. The Committee started hearings.

It is now believed that the bill will pass before the end of the month. In this instance, Mr. Roosevelt certainly got action and, I should say, very quick action. It shows what he could have done at this session in the way of economy and budget balancing had he been inclined in that direction, instead of throwing the whole deficit problem over for the special session. The hole will then be very much deeper and, of course, very much more of a job to fill up.

Washington. T. R. B.

# Not on the Ticker Tape

*The Lamont War Debt Plan—Cheap Money by Bond Financing?—Borrowers Get a Break*

WALL STREET'S most authoritative spokesmen expect an immense stir in the world financial markets if revision of the inter-Allied war debts results from the new conferences which President-elect Roosevelt has authorized. The inner sanctums of the principal international banking houses have been careful not to come out in the open to show their hands. They do not think that the Morgan label, for example, would help win votes in Congress from obdurate Western Senators and Representatives. Nevertheless, insiders who are familiar with the unwritten news of the times sometimes refer to the crystallization of the banking program on war debts as the Lamont plan. Knowing the delicacy of the political situation, Thomas W. Lamont has refrained from discussing the subject even in "off the record" conferences with the regular financial reporters but that hasn't prevented the Street from talking about it.

The official Wall Street aim is to make the settlement in the spirit of the Lausanne agreement. This would entail reducing the war debt to a small lump sum to be liquidated at once. The figure which British bankers have suggested informally is $750,000,000. The present value of the British debt on a 5-percent basis is a little under $3,296,000,000 and on a 4¼-percent basis somewhat under $3,788,500,000. In the 1923 refunding agreement the British debt was reduced about 30 percent (according to the 5-percent table). The present proposed revision would reduce the existing figure by 75 percent. If this were done, the bankers here believe that in due course they could float a British bond issue in this market to get the cash from American investors to provide the lump-sum payment to the United States Treasury.

Himself a realist in political matters, Mr. Lamont is understood to recognize the desirability of developing *quid pro quo's* in order to induce the American Congress to consent to the reduction. It is reported that he favors making the trade consist of an effort by Great Britain to stabilize its currency and return to the gold standard. Numerous financiers here think that immediately after such a debt settlement there would be *de facto* stabilization, after which in due course there could be *de jure* stabilization. Under such conditions, it is likely that there would be a second loan to the British Treasury to enable it to accomplish currency stabilization.

The foregoing report is given to indicate the desires of bankers—not as a forecast of what Congress will accept. At present, there appears to be a deep gulf between Wall Street and Washington on the subject. And, of course, a left wing in Wall Street, which leans to the "Buy American" movement, would prefer Allied defaults to debt reductions. They argue that defaults would mark the end of America's career as a lending nation, and would help to direct the country's energies to the home market. They do not think that sacrifice of debts would be too high a price to pay for economic self-containment.

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Orthodox opinion in Wall Street is encouraged by the resistance which business has shown for half a year to further declining tendencies. The Street's platform consists of settling the war debts, balancing the federal budget and maintaining "sound" money. In connection with the last point, the so-called anti-inflationists recognize the need of voluntary debt adjustments such as the great insurance companies are undertaking, and also of substantial credit expansion.

They link credit expansion with putting the federal financial house in order. The sequence of events which they would like to bring to pass includes radical scaling down of governmental expenditures and increase in taxes, especially through the general sales tax; and then conversion of some of the floating government debt into long-term bonds, which, under the conditions they foresee, could be sold on a 3 to 3¼-percent basis. The first step in breaking the deadlock in the long-term capital market, they reason, would be the successful flotation of new federal bonds. That would lead, they think, to the financing by other borrowers of high credit, although not quite so high as that of the federal government.

With such a revival of bond financing, they reason, business would at length be stimulated by cheap money. Thus far, though short-term funds have gone begging, long-term capital has been comparatively scarce. The reason ascribed for this is that capitalists have lacked the confidence in the economic situation necessary to make long-term commitments. They maintain that the Wall Street program would revive confidence and thus restart a flow of capital into industry. In this connection, they point out that the greatest depression has been in the capital-goods industry, which depends on a good bond market. Once this reflow was started, it is contended, industries and employment would be revived, and then business men, seeing better prospects, would be tempted for the first time to make use of short-term bank credit, which is available.

Having recently been given the jitters by new inflationary talk at Washington, Wall Street would regard the appointment of Senator Carter Glass of Virginia as Secretary of the Treasury by President-elect Roosevelt as a token that orthodox fiscal principles would not be flaunted.

As a matter of fact, though debating inflation in academic terms, the country has been pursuing the alternative course of debt readjustment. The decision of the Prudential Life Insurance Company to put a moratorium on foreclosures of mortgages on farms run by owners is the sign of the times. In addition, the savings banks and other conservative lending institutions in New York and other cities have been quietly making voluntary reductions of interest rates to ease the burden on borrowers. Their action constitutes tacit admission that the present value of properties under mortgage is not worth the amount contemplated when the mortgage was originally drawn up. Thus, the illusion of the so-called "fixed investment" is revealed. Under existing chaotic and highly fluctuating conditions in business volume and the price level, the concept of a "fixed investment" is unreal. Common stock financing is better suited to our existing unstable "Prince and Pauper" economic system.

L. M. N.

# We, the People; Evensong

*We, the People, by Elmer Rice. Empire Theatre, January 21, 1933.*

*Evensong, adapted by Edward Knoblock from the novel by Beverley Nichols. Selwyn Theatre, January 31, 1933.*

WE ALL know, when there is a little leisure to know, that the appeal of one work of art may be through its perfection in the expression of whatever content it has, while another work of art appeals through the fact that its subject or material is opportune. There is, at the two extremes, the pressure of felicity and consummation and the pressure of what is immediate to our interests at some given moment. These are two ways of amounting to something: the sum of the work of art, confined into one year, may be, shall we say, 90; the sum of another work of art, through thirty years, may come to 90. There are thus Browning, consort of the psychological muse, burning through two generations at best, and for more than as many centuries Herrick, with the small sweet pipes of his perfection, never forgotten. We may almost speak of an intense and a distributed excellence in art.

If those allusions are imperfect, I must be forgiven. I have recently been warned by a Marxian critic against classical references and am somewhat unnerved. Perhaps these two quotations might be better: "All questions," says Marx, "pertaining to the relations of men to each other are social questions at the same time." "Now I must sing," says Madame Elinor Glyn, just before, or just after, the celebrated tiger-rug motif. It is clear that the appeal of one of these instances may at some given moment be more pressing, while that of the other may last for generations.

As to Mr. Elmer Rice's newest play, I prefer it very much to such a work of his as "The Left Bank." As thought it is far less bourgeois, since "The Left Bank" essayed a more subtle and elusive material of art and life and ended in platitude and cant. "We, the People" takes up straight popular matter, what is right and wrong, mostly wrong, at factories, in Washington, in families, in reformatories, in colleges, social sex equipments, wages, press liberalism and even Haiti, the inclusion of whose rotten situation—it is genuine enough—is managed for us through the colored man reading a book in—lacking a more ideal social place in the family bosom—the kitchen. As a play, "We, the People" gains over "The Left Bank" through its episodic variety (not to speak of Miss Aline Bernstein's most ingenious settings).

The play as a whole, though not scene by scene, held a passable degree of interest. There was sometimes in one's response a touch of "once that thought would have stirred me" and a glimpse of the fact that the familiar melodrama pleasure of eating candy and crying can quite nicely be translated to eating candy and revolt. There was sometimes, also, in some of the scenes a sense of real drama, the full conflict and imagery of creation in human, stage terms. One must, notwithstanding, keep clear the difference between these two qualities in a play that deals with living material. For example, take the scene in the Polish girl's room, played so beautifully by Miss Juliana Taberna, who along with Need-for-Reform combines acting and a stage

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glow. This scene gives us the gray blankets, the drab room, the bravery of the girl's scorn for law and order and police and convention. But it remains genre. That statement ought to be a blast. What it amounts to is only a reiteration of the phrase about candy eating and revolt. Speaking in the greatest seriousness—alas, I have no copy of the Hundred Neediest Cases to take my tone from—I am only saying how foolish and fakish it would be in me to get my pleasure wholly from the succulence of this drab injustice. I do profoundly believe that there should be some regulation of society, some arrangement by which such a girl as this little Polish heroine should have a right to some modicum of comfort in life, some division by which she should share in the wealth of a certain group in our system. But this does not give me my real satisfaction in watching this human being shown us on the stage of the Empire. I would do what I could to help. But what pleases me as I watch her living her broken fragmentary life is the verve and passion and free will and joy of her. The deep power of joy is a great phrase, even though said by a poet laureate—though one with a small income! Speaking of the criticism of German conditions, Marx said that its essential pathos was indignation, its essential work was denunciation. Of such scenes in "We, the People" I can only say that our indignation discovers their pathos and our envy their private glory and living essence. But I know nothing about it and am only poor Maud Muller again (in the school readers) who, raking (instead of writing about) those meadows, bitter with mortgages, took them for sweet with hay.

As art "We, the People" has now and again precisely the limitation that Mr. Rice's plays have often had. I am surprised that so many judgments of this new piece have turned on the talking, the haranguing, the raw statement of causes and thoughts. This is what Mr. Rice did in "Street Scene" and in "The Left Bank," though the love story and the various esthetic considerations eased the tedium of a lack of creation in the dramatist. But all things must be created into the terms of the art they involve; an action, a word or a silence, an image, a moment of what is alive and not merely said, serve to bring the dramatist's theme into us; and from this central response within us it moves outward again into our excitement. This talk without creation appeared, and heavily, in the young heroine's long speech in the last act of "Street Scene," and almost constantly in "The Left Bank." As a matter of fact, the new play has less of it, what with the push of the many scenes to be presented.

In the production of "We, the People" Mr. Rice has shown his usual talent for casting. It is a sad thing to say, but he knows too much to look for as many actors as his latest list of characters would require. He has, therefore, set out to find people who fit straight into the personages they act; in some cases so exactly that only the natural human ego, plus the stage exhibitionism, would refrain from being offended, so shamelessly close is the player to the character. In one instance Mr. Rice's choice amounted to inspiration: Miss Katherine Emmet. The role here was that of an old woman, the mother of sons, on a farm going to ruin, a case of the old American stock from whose toils and continuity the country springs and by whose character, prejudices, standards and depths is measured the departure from what America began by being. Despite the more manifest drama, scope and evidence of all the diverse other characters in the play, with their revolt, their tragedy, their vividness, their politician's cheapness and platitude, it is this woman, lost as she is, dignified and steadfast and narrow as she is, who makes the background before which the America in the rest of the story is starting its movement, break-down, social foresight, resentment and change. Miss Emmet gave us this, without insistence, with the convincing good-breeding essential to the role, without stage overladling or movie aristocracy. She created something solid, finely reserved, beautifully and astonishingly right.

There is another aspect of "We, the People" that is notable: people in the audience delight in or resent, as the case may be, its points and scenes. This at least implies that the play has some connection with something, and that Mr. Rice is thereby to be honored. Once in Portugal —a backward country so small that there would be no glamor in bringing a young lady a thousand miles surrounded by mayors and business men, to star her at a once highly reputed opera house—the rule barring any prima donna hitherto untried from the royal opera was broken, together with the standard of the singing; and the gentlemen in the audience, after taking their ladies quietly home during the intermission, returned and, lifting out the seats from their orchestra chairs, threw them into a pile on the stage. I have often wondered what it is that our mute reception of so much in the theatre shows. Even when people know the difference, there is a peaceful air through the house. Is it our native courtesy; or is it our democratic sharing, like the doctors in the comedy where one says to the other if you will let me give an emetic to this patient I will agree to anything you want for the next? Does it convince anyone that nothing would do better for Broadway than a combination of increased bravos and catcalls?

I have read Mr. Beverley Nichols' last book, which is about gardens, which is delightful, often enchanting, and which Mr. Edward Knoblock himself could scarcely dramatize; but I have not read "Evensong." Mr. Knoblock has taken this novel and put it easily into a play that is called by the same name and that never decides on what direction it is headed for. The story deals with the closing years of a great singer's career, with insistence on her domineering nature, with a small romance of her own that returns only to be abandoned for more career, and with a little love story of her niece, who is much grappled to her. The last curtain falls on the singer as, having sent away her old suitor and lost her niece to the young Canadian and signed a new world tour, she sits listening to her own voice in a record.

There is very little to be said for the play as such. In London, where they know a singer a long time and for years and years are as loyal to her as they are to Bird's Custard or boiled potatoes, this story of a great prima donna had a success, I am told, of six months. The sense of character, of the individual, of loyalty, of habit, and of local personalities or gossip, is more accessible to the London theatre than it is here in New York; our scatterish audiences are less apt to be much drawn to "Evensong."

As a play, Mr. Knoblock gives us mostly novel skimming, with two good curtains that rely on Miss Edith

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Evans for two-thirds of their effect. The last curtain, where the singer listens to her own voice, is very fine. Whatever cynicism the novelist intended, of the egoist absorbed in any part of herself and her past glamor, seemed to me to be lost at this point. I thought only of the power and beauty and design, the sense of what is great, and of how it would seem to come not from within, but from without, to an artist.

I thought also of an American actress, in a play, "Romance," whose plane of sentiment was far different from that of "Evensong"; I thought of all that fineness and glamor and depth of lustrous knowledge with which Miss Doris Keane explored and dilated the prima-donna theme and gave us the miracle and irony and solitude and wit in such terms as we are not likely to see again. "Evensong" is, of course, another treatment, only partially akin. Miss Evans' portrayal had distinction and great intelligence; it was not, however, about great things, even great irony. If she scarcely seems bitten by what she plays, she is, notwithstanding, a most distinguished and finely balanced player. In one small matter, whatever happens to the play, Miss Evans does Broadway a service by being one of a tiny group of British actors who show that the language, spoken well in England, has a just number of differing vowels, not largely one vowel, and that *love* need not be *larve, hot hutte,* the o's in such words as *close* or *know* be mere sounds in the top of the head taken with a slight sliding moan, et cetera, et cetera.

None of the other parts in "Evensong" were written with any matter to them; so that we can only say that Mr. Ben-Ami as the concert manager played sympathetically with the leading figure in the story; and that Miss Jane Wyatt got more into her young-lady part than most of our players could do. Mr. Owen Davis, Jr., as the young casual Canadian, did the most sustained playing I have seen from him. He is a young actor with whom some manager who does not mind a lack of vulgarity and archness could wisely contrive a better role than this in "Evensong," and for whom a playwright might develop a juvenile role not inserted into the plot like a slice of cake, but with more substance.

The three settings by Mr. Laurence Irving were such as would be quaint here in New York if they could not still be rented. For reasons mysterious to the theatre, they were imported from London.

STARK YOUNG.

# CORRESPONDENCE

## Inflation the Remedy

SIR: Your main objection to currency inflation seems to be that it might lift prices but would not restore price relationship. Your advocacy in place of inflation of the domestic-allotment plan is based on the theory that the latter would transfer purchasing power to the farmer while inflation would give purchasing power to all alike and not more particularly to the farmer who most needs it. The argument that inflation would not restore the old relationship is the same argument used by Colonel Leonard Ayres, who says that the reason why raw materials and food products are cheap is that the warehouses of the world have, since the depression, gradually been filled with these materials while the stock of manufactured goods has not increased. The excessive volume of raw materials as compared with manufactured goods causes the present difference in prices, and he argues that making money cheap would not restore the old exchange relationship between them.

I am wondering if this is correct. Suppose we cut in half the amount of gold in the dollar. That would almost immediately, other things being equal, raise the dollar price in this country of all raw materials. The world prices in gold would not change, but the prices here in terms of the new dollar would change. Wages do not fluctuate as do commodities and would not be raised at once, therefore manufactured products would not be raised, at least so far as the manufacturer used the raw materials which he had on hand bought at the old prices. His rent, his interest, his taxes and his overhead charges would not be changed and his selling price would not have to be increased until he bought new raw material, and in any case, raw material is a minor item. Thus, inflation would appear to be a rapid and sure method of equalizing prices. It would be a sure method of reducing real wages paid to governmental employees, and therefore taxes would at least not be increased. It would cut down the indebtedness of the farmer and increase the price of his product in a much more satisfactory way than the crude and cumbersome allotment plan recently passed by the House.

Inflation would not only do for the farmer what the Allotment Bill attempts, but would remedy many other inequalities for all of us which could not otherwise be quickly and smartly cured. To bring about equality by further deflation is almost impossible. By inflation, however, our real rent would be reduced, which is still 20 to 30 percent higher than in 1913, so would our light and gas bills, still 70 or 80 percent higher than in 1913. Above all, our two hundred billion dollars of debts, which is a two-hundred-billion-dollar burden on the mass of the people, would be brought in relationship with our present wealth, now less than two hundred billion dollars, so that the country would be out of the red. The creditor class would also benefit because today they can't sell their bonds and notes for fifty cents on the dollar.

Boston, Mass. WILLIAM P. EVERTS.

## Marjoram and Ausonius

SIR: In your issue of February 1 your dramatic reviewer, Mr. Stark Young, attacks my play "Big Night" so savagely that in all fairness I believe I should have equal right to public statement. He says, in summarizing neatly his stand, "The ladies of Lesbos wore seven or more perfumes, for the neck, the legs, the breast, the hands, et cetera, which means that in—as Boswell would call it—obscurity, anatomical geometry was as certain as the pole star; that was in the seventh century B. C. Some of their favorite perfumes, marjoram, for instance, are now only cooking items, only a culinary lure remains to them."

In stating my own position I can only say it is probable that the marjoram (*amaracus, amaracum*) referred to was that species of the family *Labiatatae* used for perfume only, yielding oil of origanum, rather than the common marjoram (*origanum vulgare*) used for cooking purposes. Pliny and Seneca, both experts in the science of perfume, assert that the process of distillation for this purpose was learned from Egypt (though it was forgotten for centuries and rediscovered only in the fifteenth century). The favorite odor of the ladies of Lesbos was violet, an odor later artificially produced by ionone.

As for St. Francis with his—I quote Mr. Young—"gentle thanks to brother sun, brother fire, sister water," etc., I would beg to say that Ausonius in the year 383 from his *"nidus senectutis"* sent verses to his friend Symmachus adjuring him to "read them a little flown and *dilutior;* for it is outrageous that a strictly abstemious reader should sit in judgment upon a poet a little drunk."

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In his "Ad Uxorem" he wrote *"Uxor vivamus ut viximus et teneamus nomina quae primo sumpsimus in thalamo . . .* etc." Only three years later his wife departed this life.

Yours for a better theatre,

New York City. DAWN POWELL.

[For roasting I stick to common marjoram.—S. Y.]

[Miss Powell might also have mentioned Ausonius's charming epigram (Liber XIX, LIX):

"Tris uno in lecto; stuprum duo perpetiuntur,
et duo committunt." "Quattuor esse reor."
"Falleris: extremis da singula crimina et illum
bis numera medium, qui facit et patitur."

But perhaps this should have been included in Mr. Young's review of "Design for Living," as it seems to foreshadow the relations of Otto, Leo and Gilda.—E. W.]

## Permanent Revolution

SIR: The articles on Trotsky by Mr. Edmund Wilson in The New Republic of January 4 and 11 are very interesting, but there are a few points to which exception may be taken.

In 1914 and 1915 Trotsky did not stand for "coöperation with the Socialist patriots," as Lenin is quoted as saying. In fact, Trotsky roundly condemned their attitude and attempted to rally the whole Second International to the duty of ending the War. This appears to be the significance of Trotsky's position from 1914 to the end of the Zimmerwalt Conference in 1915. While he was associated with the work of the Second International, whose membership included the Socialist patriots of the warring countries, his objective was to save the Second International from the Socialist patriots. This is amply shown in his work, "The War and the International," which appeared in German in 1914 (published in the United States under the title "Bolsheviki and World Peace" early in 1918), and it can hardly be called "cooperation with the Socialist patriots." . . .

Mr. Wilson also does not present the full significance of Trotsky's theory of permanent revolution. Mr. Wilson's statement summarizes equally well the views of Stalin, Lenin, Marx and Trotsky, and does not bring out the difference between Stalin's view (that socialism should be "built" in one country, and that all other would follow by dint of the example set) and Trotsky's view that it is essential to the life of a socialist world-state to create out of the states around it a solid and united socialist world-state, while at the same time carrying forward the economic, social and political changes in the home state. Trotsky's volume, "The Permanent Revolution," is the best authority available on this point. . . .

Philadelphia, Pa. A. WILSON.

## Public Opinion, If, As and When

SIR: I enjoyed Bruce Bliven's lively article on "Technocracy and Communism" in The New Republic of February 1, but it contains a sentence with which I should like to register disagreement. "The world is now ruled, essentially," he says, "by public opinion, even in the countries which are nominally under a dictatorship; and we have not been able to improvise quickly enough an effective education which would make it possible for democracy to act with intelligence." The sentence seems to imply, first, that rule by public opinion is in some fashion equivalent to democracy; second, that education is the field in which the struggle must be waged for a more intelligent society.

It is true that republics and even dictatorships are ruled by public opinion—but the question is, by the opinion of what public? To give a few examples: The Roman Empire during the first two centuries was ruled by the public opinion of the city bourgeoisie. During the third century, documents show that the emperors were more influenced by the public opinion of the peasants, as represented by the army. The change involved a hundred years of civil war. Russia under the Tsars was ruled by the public opinion of landowners and rich merchants. Russia under the Soviets is also ruled by public opinion—of the Communist party and the industrial proletariat. In America, the ruling public under Hoover has been largely composed of bankers and industrialists, particularly the former. Under Roosevelt, this public may be broadened to include small business men and professional workers. As for day laborers, tenant farmers, the unemployed—these classes *have* no public opinion, having acquired no means of expressing it effectively.

The important question is not the form of government (worship of the Tsars and worship of the Constitution having much the same effect), but the class which controls the government through these forms. And the same principle applies to education. As long as it is controlled by classes whose interests are now in opposition to those of the community as a whole, just so long will it be an ineffective means of reform. Capitalists can be no matter how intelligent, no matter how broadly educated—but they won't abolish themselves for that reason. They'll evade the question. They'll be Technocrats.

East St. Louis, Ill. ELLERY STRONG.

[Mr. Strong seems to be answering, not what I wrote, but what other people have written on the same subject. By "public opinion" I, of course, did not mean a numerical 51 percent of the people. I meant that enough people must know what they want to take the steps to bring it about. Even Communists can't make a revolution unless they can create a Communist public opinion big enough to seize and hold power. Nor could they go on ruling afterward if enough people disliked their rule badly enough (particularly in the Western industrialized countries).—B. B.]

## The Social Credit Plan

SIR: I am puzzled regarding the meaning of some statements in the article "The Consumer and the Farm Bill" in The New Republic of January 18.

After quoting from The New English Weekly, you include Major Douglas' credit plan among others which plan "some means of controlling credit or changing the quantity of money in circulation." You continue: "We cheerfully admit that no great good can come from any scheme unless it leads to a net expansion of purchasing power and hence to an increase of production and consumption." So far so good, but then you say, "But we disagree radically with those who assume that a proper distribution of purchasing power and a proper relationship among prices is unimportant in achieving this end."

Now, what is wrong with the social-credit plan of Major Douglas in achieving this object? Are you in favor of Shavian socialism with its equal income for everybody and the subordination of the individual to the State? The combination of the price-regulating feature (the just price) of Major Douglas' plan combined with the national dividend would make it possible for the entire production of ultimate goods (consumer's goods) to be claimed by the people. What more can you have than this? You can't force people to *demand* certain things and any price-fixing scheme is no good unless the goods are actually *sold*. There is still a law of supply and demand and it is foolish to continue to produce what cannot be absorbed, although at present it is impossible to find out just how much can be absorbed as the distribution of purchasing power is not only uneven but inadequate to claim all consumer's goods.

Any nation that adopted social credit would soon be in a position to see which classes of goods were being produced in too great abundance. If then it should be decided that the policy would be to subsidize this industry in order to keep people "employed" producing goods for which there was no demand, well and good. That is up to the nation. But the point is, if sufficient purchasing power is distributed, it will soon show where production should be speeded up and where it should be reduced, and as "leisure" would not mean privation, as it does today, there would be no advantage in working for the sake of work.

I have not seen an issue of The New English Weekly and so I cannot tell how fully they have explained social credit, but it requires careful study and thought to understand all the implications and it is not fair carelessly to throw it in with other "schemes of credit expansion."

Toronto, Ont. C. V. KERSLAKE.

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# Tired Feminist

*Ann Vickers, by Sinclair Lewis. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.*

HOW DOES "Ann Vickers" compare with the best of Sinclair Lewis's earlier novels—with "Babbitt," with "Arrowsmith"?

George Follansbee Babbitt takes thirty-two pages to get out of bed and drive to the office. His hours at work, his luncheon at the Zenith Athletic Club, his evening with Mrs. Babbitt and the children—all this fills sixty-two pages more. Babbitt's whole day, in which nothing unusual happens, is a passage of thirty-two thousand words, half the length of an average novel; and it is recounted in straightforward prose, without interior monologues, excursions into the past or any other of the devices by which novelists expand a moment of time into eighteen interminable chapters. His dinner party given, I think, the following week, is an episode of thirty pages, ten thousand words. It doesn't compare with the dinners or receptions described by Marcel Proust—for example, with that afternoon of Mme. de Villeparisis which is a novel in itself—but it gives a satisfying picture of middle-class society and convinces its readers, moreover, that the author is minutely and passionately interested in his subject, that he has taken hold of it and cannot let go till he has set down all the details crowding and jostling in his head. There is an unexplored relationship between length and quality in fiction. A novel with long chapters is not necessarily a good one, but a succession of hasty incidents often proves, on the other hand, that the novelist is writing without conviction.

"Ann Vickers" is full of short episodes. Many of these, instead of being visualized by the author, are dismissed with a few wise-unclely remarks about social service or women in love. It is somewhat misleading, however, to compare the book with "Babbitt," which is a story confined to a few months. "Ann Vickers," being a biographical novel (or rather a career novel), bears a closer resemblance to "Arrowsmith"; but in this case, too, there is a difference which has to be explained.

In reading "Arrowsmith," one scarcely notices the length and vitality of the separate episodes, although many of these are excellent; rather, one is impressed by the unified movement of the novel as a whole. On the first page, Martin Arrowsmith is a boy of fourteen, curled in the leather examining chair of old Doc Vickerson's office reading "Gray's Anatomy"; on the last page he is a man of forty resting after a day of research in his medical laboratory and planning to work still harder in the morning. The story moves forward in a straight line, from Martin's first vision of an ideal, through his days in medical school, his meeting with the scientist Max Gottlieb, his experience as a country doctor, a health officer, a specialist in a fashionable clinic, a research scientist in McGurk Institute, a savior in time of plague—always at a faster tempo, a greater intensity, till it reaches a goal determined from the beginning. "Arrowsmith," the best of Sinclair Lewis's novels, is a long book that can be defined in eight words: it is the story of a medical scientist.

"Ann Vickers" is less easy to define. It is the story of a woman *and* her career in politics and social service *and* her married life *and* the conflict between job and lover. She does not follow one desire or move in a single direction. "For ten years after her graduation, in 1912, Ann had a wild medley of jobs"—and Lewis allows them to be just that, an undistinguished medley. She studies nursing in New York City; she slaves for three years as a suffrage agitator in Ohio; then she returns to New York as a social-service worker, rising to the assistant directorship of a settlement house and meanwhile having a first, unsatisfactory love affair that leads to an abortion. The story begins to crumble into fragments of time. Ann spends two years —and five pages—as head of another settlement, in Rochester; six months and twelve pages as secretary to a philanthropic woman; a year and five hundred words as educational director in a "good" New England prison. Being thirty-two years old, she decides to give her life to prison reform, and this new interest ties together the second half of the novel.

The passage dealing with Ann's adventures at Copperhead Gap Penitentiary, in the South, is the longest in the book and by far the best; it is also propaganda pure and simple. It shows no trace of the theory popular among novelists, that villains are not black, but only gray, and heroes a half-shade brighter. The villains at Copperhead Gap are the wardens, who are thoroughly vile; the heroes are the prisoners, who are to be liked or pitied (except Jessie Van Tuyl, the Communist, who is wholly to be admired); both heroes and villains are presented with extraordinary vigor. But after a hundred pages, Ann is forced to give up the fight and return to New York. She becomes director of a model prison which, being almost perfect, is much less interesting than Copperhead Gap. She lives among frowsy liberals, one of whom she marries and learns to despise. She falls in love with a drunken, red-headed, grafting Tammany judge and bears him a son.

Essentially Ann Vickers is a capable woman without a vocation. She is interested less in suffrage, social service, penology, than always in herself as suffragist, herself as settlement worker, prison reformer or biological woman. Though she is not so selfish as Martin Arrowsmith, she is more self-centered; and the contrast between the endings of the two books is inescapable. Martin deserts his second wife to live as an anchorite of science Ann, having reached the top of her profession, is ready to sacrifice both her career and, in some measure, her personal integrity to follow Judge Barney Dolphin. It is true that the issue is confused. "I'll always have jobs," she tells Barney after his release from prison, "you may as well get used to it"; and again, "Listen! This is a new age. By the time Mat is sixteen he'll have to look in a dictionary to find out what the word 'scandal' means"—but the present scandal will put an end to her official career; she will hold only unimportant jobs in the future; probably she will surrender, go West with Barney, raise apples and children and be happy about it. As a result of this ending, the whole story is given a different perspective; for we now see Ann's career, her studies, her adventures with crowds and criminals and wardens, not as events significant in themselves, but merely as preparation for love and marriage.

Compared with the best of Sinclair Lewis's novels, "Ann Vickers" is disappointing. Its failure can be explained, I think, by the choice of subject: everything in the book depends on the heroine, toward whom the author's attitude is uncertain. Ann is a feminist and Lewis is really hostile toward feminism. Ann is a reformer and Lewis has learned to distrust reformers. Ann is a liberal; so is Lewis himself, but he is beginning to be irritated by his own class. He tries to redeem her by endowing her with all sorts of humanizing vices—she likes cigarettes, straight whiskey and red-headed lovers—but the vices ruin her career without saving the novel. Lewis likes and admires Ann Vickers personally, but he isn't deeply interested in her professional

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life—and his past novels have shown that he writes well only when he is seized upon, captured, overwhelmed by love or hate for his subject. MALCOLM COWLEY.

# Gorky on Lenin

*Days with Lenin, by Maxim Gorky. New York: International Publishers. 64 pages. $.75.*

THIS LITTLE book, which has been tremendously popular in Russia, gives probably the most vivid picture of Lenin which has yet appeared in English. There is a remarkable description of Lenin speaking in London at the Social Democratic Congress of 1907:

> It is very difficult to pass on to the reader the unusual impression which he made.
>
> His arm was extended with the hand slightly raised, and he seemed to weigh every word with it, and to sift out the remarks of his opponents, substituting them by momentous arguments for the right and duty of the working class to go its own way, and not along with the liberal bourgeoisie or trailing behind it. All this was unusual, and Lenin seemed to say it not of his own will, but by the will of history.
>
> The unity, completeness, directness and strength of his speech, his whole appearance in the pulpit, was a veritable work of classic art: everything was there, and yet there was nothing superfluous, and if there were any embellishments, they were not noticed as such, but were as natural and inevitable as two eyes in a face or five fingers on a hand.

And he adds in another connection: "His words always brought to my mind the cold glitter of steel shavings." And, "His words always gave one the impression of the physical pressure of an irresistible truth."

It is a more "human" picture of Lenin than you get from either Trotsky, Krupskaya or Clara Zetkin. Knowing of Gorky's delicate health, he examined the bedding in his London hotel to be sure it was well aired; he liked English music-hall comedians and laughed so hard over Gorky's account of his adventures in America when the agents of the Tsar succeeded in keeping him out of the hotels that tears came into his eyes and he choked: a fisherman at Capri said of him: "Only an honest man could laugh like that." He liked fishing at Capri. He got "despondent like a child" when beaten at chess. After listening to Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata," he said, "I would like to listen to it every day. It is marvelous superhuman music. I always think with pride—perhaps it is naïve of me—what marvelous things human beings can do!" "Then screwing up his eyes and smiling, he added, rather sadly: 'But I can't listen to music too often. It affects your nerves, makes you want to say stupid nice things and stroke the heads of people who could create such beauty while living in this vile hell.'" And he said one day while petting some children: "These will have happier lives than we had. They will not experience much that we lived through. There will not be so much cruelty in their lives."

He seems to have been absolutely unselfconscious. The great work of his life seems to have presented itself to him as the only thing anybody could do.

This memoir, first published in 1927, is a very much amplified and rewritten version of the magazine article published in 1924 at the time of Lenin's death. It is curious to see the changes which have been made in the passage about Trotsky. Here is what Gorky wrote in 1924 (I translate from a French text):

> Yes, I have often heard him [Lenin] praise his comrades. And he knew how to do justice to the energies of even those with whom he was supposed to be personally unsympathetic.
>
> Surprised by the flattering appreciation he showed for one of them, I remarked that a good many people might be amazed by it.
>
> "Yes, yes, I know. They tell a lot of lies about my relations with him. Yes, they tell a lot of lies—and especially about me and Trotsky."
>
> Pounding on the table, he declared: "Show me another man who could organize in a year an almost model army and win the respect of military experts besides. We've got that man. We've got everything. And so we'll do wonders!"

Here is the later version, published after Trotsky had been banished:

> Yes, he often praised the comrades in my hearing, even those with whom he was not personally in sympathy. Lenin knew how to appreciate their energy. I was very surprised at his high appreciation of L. D. Trotsky's organizing abilities. V. Ilyitch noticed my surprise.
>
> "Yes, I know there are lying rumors about my attitude to him. But what is, is, and what isn't, isn't—that I know also. He was able at any rate to organize the military experts."
>
> After a pause, he added in a lower tone, and rather sadly: "And yet he isn't one of us. With us, but not of us. He is ambitious. There is something of Lassalle in him, something which isn't good."

It looks as if the Stalin censorship has here come into play. Either Gorky was moved to unwrite what he had written of Lenin's appreciation of Trotsky or the censor made him cut it out. The paragraph about organizing the army looks in the second version as if it had been telescoped.

EDMUND WILSON.

# Poison for Profit

*100,000,000 Guinea Pigs: Dangers in Everyday Foods, Drugs and Cosmetics, by Arthur Kallett and F. J. Schlink. New York: The Vanguard Press. 312 pages. $2.*

SPEAKING as one guinea pig to another, I must admit that there is a lot of honest, well made, grade AA Swiss cheese in the argument of this book: it is full of holes. The emphasis, however, should be placed on the complimentary adjectives, because the facts presented are of the greatest value. Messrs. Schlink and Kallett show beyond reasonable doubt:

> 1. That American food, drug and cosmetic manufacturers are conducting a classic experiment on Lo, the poor consumer, the object, apparently, being to determine how much poisoning he can stand and still live and buy at the old trading post.
>
> 2. That the officials charged with administering our inadequate and emasculated Pure Food and Drugs Act, if judged by their official deeds, would seem on the whole to favor this experiment.
>
> 3. That some of the heartier, leftist racketeers believe in direct action: they feel, apparently, that the only good consumer is a dead consumer. Both the law and the prophets of American business chide and restrain these extremists, although Comrade W. J. Bailey managed to kill at least one plutocrat with his Radithor radium water, and get off scot-free. But the law, and even the bigger and busier patent-medicine boys, organized as the United Medicine Manu-

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facturers, deprecate this as unfair competition, since the outright destruction of individual Lo's tends obviously to destroy the pure, lovely and exploitable confidence of Lo as a class.

4. That the Department of Agriculture employs more inspectors for the control and elimination of hog cholera than for the protection of Lo against the commercial parasites who batten on him and may or may not poison him—it is hard to prove it, even by dying.

5. That "a tremendous burden of disease and suffering, the loss of thousands upon thousands of lives each year and economic losses running to billions of dollars—this is the toll paid today by 125,000,000 Americans for the ignorance, the indifference and the avarice of the manufacturers of food and drugs, and for the laxity of government officials."

Consider this indictment. If you are a little liberal guinea pig you will doubtless agree with the conclusions of the authors, which are, first, that to make the best of a bad law we should demand that the government jail and pillory the food and drug racketeers, instead of slapping them quietly on the wrist; second, that as quickly as possible the present Pure Food and Drugs Act should be superseded by a law with teeth in it, carefully designed to restrain, coerce and heavily penalize the racketeers at every point; that the control bureaus be adequately budgeted and staffed with "men of the type of Wiley and some of his earlier colleages, imbued with the idea that in case of doubt the consumers' rights come first."

If, on the other hand, you are a little radical guinea pig, these recommendations give you a pain in the head fully as acute as the pain in the stomach suffered by Lo when he eats arsenic-sprayed apples, sulphur-dioxide-preserved apricots, or incautiously swallows a little poisonous toothpaste. This pain arises from a doubt which Messrs. Kallett and Schlink themselves do much to nourish; which, indeed, they quite possibly share.

In the first place, it is significant that the population census figure is taken to represent the total number of guinea pigs to be protected—we are all guinea pigs, in other words. Against whom are we to be protected? Against ourselves, evidently. In our role as consumers, we object to our own unscrupulousness as producers and salesmen. The manufacturers of fake patent medicines are to be protected against the fruit growers, who feel that they can't afford to wash arsenic-spray residue off apples, just as business being what it is, the drug manufacturers feel they can't afford to give Lo, the fruit grower, a break, or temper the zeal of the ad-man. Who is to do the protecting? Government, which, under our present organization of society, represents in its legislative, executive and judicial branches the producing, selling, acquisitive interests of these guinea pigs, not their biological interests. The present Pure Food and Drugs Act was supposed to have teeth in it when it was passed and was fiercely fought by the vested interests against which it was aimed. For a time, while Wiley held office, it seemed to have some teeth in it. But what did the courts do to that law? What did the racketeers do to Wiley? Is there any reason to believe that a new law would have a different fate, or that a new and even harder-boiled Wiley would be able to keep both his job and his integrity?

As a little radical guinea pig, I feel that doubt becoming ever more painful. To relieve myself I am moved to utter an ancient platitude: a house divided against itself cannot stand. Until the interests of consumer and producer are merged in a socialized state from which salesmanship is exorcised, the guinea pigs will remain in their cage of mutual parasitism, and their evolutions and revolutions within it won't contribute much, if anything, to their permanent comfort and well-being.

And yet, as both liberals and radicals ought to realize by this time, Consumers' Research, the organization of which the authors are both directors, has been, and may in the future increasingly be, a notable undertaking. It is one of the very few social-service enterprises the methods and functions of which could be absorbed with very little change into the fabric of a functional society. If, as a guinea pig interested in my immediate survival, I were asked to choose between yelling for a new law and backing Consumers' Research, I think I would choose the latter, for the reason that it is apparently easier for the racketeers to "get" the government than to "get" Consumers' Research. And finally, if I were a particularly bright guinea pig, I might remember that I am *both* a producer and a consumer, and organize in both capacities to destroy the cage itself.

JAMES RORTY.

# Trade Follows the Pick

*Man and Metals: A History of Mining in Relation to the Development of Civilization, by T. A. Rickard. New York: Whittlesey House. 2 vols. 1,068 pages. $10.*

DESPITE its 1,068 pages, Mr. Rickard's book is sketchy. Perhaps it is intended to be. He has, he informs us, derived his inspiration to write it from Mr. H. G. Wells's "Outline of History," and appears to have aimed at a bird's-eye view of the relation of metals to civilization rather than at an exhaustive discussion of any of the numerous questions raised by his theme. But even after making allowance for such an intention, one is somewhat amazed to find no mention of the Halstadt culture, or of the great Iberian bronze industry and commerce, or of Scandinavian manufacture and its relation to the southern European bronze age, or of the Cretan share in the diffusion of metals, or of Moorish mining and the steel production which supplied medieval Europe. Mr. Rickard, or his secretaries, have ransacked card-indexes industriously, but not intelligently. The erudition is haphazard and superficial. The whole of the archeological portion of the subject is, to say the least, poorly treated, although Egyptian metallurgy is given an undue prominence and Roman mining is dealt with fairly adequately.

The author has lifted more than he can carry. His primary concern appears to be the glorification of American technology and big business, as marking the consummation to which the whole creation moves; and, however inspiring the theme, it does not appear to have been in Mr. Rickard's case conducive to a philosophical grasp of historical perspective. Nor is his conception of economics and sociology sufficiently profound or courageous to compensate for the flimsiness of his historical equipment. His concluding chapter is called "The Romance of Modern Mining." That should have been the title of the book, and its plan and compass should have been more restricted. It is far too big, too ambitious and too dear.

The story of man's conquest of the metals is full of grim irony. During by far the greater part of the time that mankind has known the use of bronze, iron and steel, those substances have been chiefly employed as means of violence and destruction. The chief association of iron is with blood. The coming of the men who wielded metal swords and overthrew the great Neolithic culture of Europe

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marked the final enthronement of physical force and oppression in human society. It put an end to primitive communism and tribal democracy; it perpetuated the division of castes and classes originally arising out of the relation of conquerors and conquered. Not until the industrial revolution of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries did the metals acquire an important constructive and utilitarian function. But no sooner was the sword beaten into a ploughshare than it became a thousand times more baneful as a tool of oppression. The smith was, in primitive society, accounted a magician. From Tubal-Cain to Insull he has played the part of an evil magician. The baneful influence of the useful metals has been exceeded only by that of the useless ones. Gold has wrought worse misery than steel.

There is, of course, no inherent principle of evil in metals themselves. Although material economic factors, such as iron or gold, have been in so large a measure the determinants of culture and civilization, it is not by them that good or evil are determined, but by the social structure at whose disposal those resources are placed. No material resources, no "conquest of nature by man," can be fruitful of true and lasting good and be an instrument of genuine and stable civilization so long as the social structure which disposes of those conquests is designed with a view to obtaining, not social good but individual profit.

That, however, is not Mr. Rickard's philosophy of the relation of metals to civilization. His book is dedicated to the glory of the mining engineer in the character of "the herald of empire and the pioneer of industry." It concludes with the following words: "Trade follows the flag, but the flag follows the pick." It is interesting to learn that the career of man, which has culminated in the glory of the flag, empire and big business, began, according to Mr. Rickard, with "the brutish individualism of his primordial state." ROBERT BRIFFAULT.

# Yesterday and Today

*As We Are, by E. F. Benson. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 307 pages. $3.*

*Just the Other Day: An Informal History of Britain since the War, by John Collier and Iain Lang. New York: Harper and Brothers. 317 pages. $3.*

THE HABIT of empire, once acquired, is difficult to lose. Contemporary Englishmen may be divided into those who instinctively assume that the world still belongs to them and those who realize the need for drastic readjustments. The older generation, whose minds were formed before the War, belong almost completely to the former group.

Mr. Benson is an elderly conservative, and "As We Are" is his picture of the changes in English society which have taken place during the last quarter of a century. Two-thirds of the book describes the decline of an imaginary aristocratic family: its country estate was sold to a golf club, its parliamentary seat was captured by the Labor party, the heir to the title was corespondent in a divorce suit and the head of the family died of a broken heart. In three supplementary chapters Mr. Benson describes certain eminent men of the Edwardian period, ridicules Mr. Joyce, praises Mr. Priestley and expresses the hope that the present National government will make England once more a first-rate power. The book is neither so amusing nor so intelligent as its predecessor, "As We Were."


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Mr. Benson has what one might describe as a National-government mind. He assumes that, whatever happens, England will always "muddle through." He is not intolerant toward the younger generation; he describes their sexual experiments and their abandonment of the old standards of behavior with avuncular good humor, and agrees that Victorian society was often absurdly puritanical. But he refuses to realize that the changes in English life were caused by anything more serious than an external shock—the War. The only trace of passion in the book is aroused by the tolerance by post-war English governments toward the idle habits of the lower classes. Reduce or abolish the dole, says Mr. Benson, and insist on rigid economy, and the great days will return.

Mr. Collier and Mr. Lang belong to a younger generation, and they display a refreshing freedom from sentimentality. "Just the Other Day" is advertised as the English "Only Yesterday." The main purpose of its authors, as was that of Mr. Allen, is to provide entertainment; they devote a chapter to sensational murders, for example, and another to fallen financiers. But their book is better than its American counterpart; the style is less journalistic and the observations more subtle. The analysis of social and intellectual tendencies is remarkably accurate and suggestive, and the irony with which the political history of the period is recorded is almost savage. As a portrait of post-war England the book could scarcely have been improved.

Mr. Collier and Mr. Lang have borrowed their methods of interpretation, as well as a lengthy (and unacknowledged) quotation, from Wyndham Lewis. According to Lewis, the most obvious characteristic of English life since the War has been an evasion of responsibility. The antics of the "bright young people," culminating in a "perambulator and bottle party," and the popularity of "The Young Visiters" and of A. A. Milne are cited by Collier and Lang as illustrations of the general envy for the irresponsible freedom of childhood. Political history shows, less obviously, the same weakness; the honest mediocrity of Mr. Baldwin and of the trade-union leaders, who let events take their course without trying to control them, is considered to be in the British tradition; intelligence and courage are avoided. The National government is generally regarded as a serious effort to prevent decline; but as it consists of the older and more timid members of each political party it is unlikely to make revolutionary changes. The truth is that the War temporarily exhausted England, but did not, as on the European Continent, cause changes sufficiently violent to release fresh energies. The difficulties of readjustment are increased by the complacency engendered during a century of habitual success and by the English system of education, which despises intelligence and aims at realizing a traditional and rigid ideal of character.

The most obvious consequences of this post-war mentality is, as Lewis points out, to increase the power of the ruling class; the big industrialists and, in particular, the newspaper owners, are able, by appealing to the traditional patriotic emotions, to guide public opinion in any direction that suits their interests. It is not likely that this condition will continue indefinitely; the younger generation appear to be generally disillusioned with traditional politics, and are turning partly to communism and partly to the fascism of Sir Oswald Mosley. But it is probable that only some very violent shock can render possible any radical readjustment.

HENRY BAMFORD PARKES.

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# Book Notes

## Drama

THE BEST PLAYS OF 1931-1932, and the Yearbook of the Drama in America, edited by Burns Mantle. *New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 559 pages. $3.*

This is the thirteenth annual issue of what has come to be the one indispensable book concerning the American theatre. It contains a list of all the plays given in the year it covers, together with the casts, the dates, and in every case, at least to some extent, a statement of the story or contents or the incidents of the play's production. There is also a section of the book devoted to a condensed version of the ten plays of the year considered to be best. These are "Of Thee I Sing," "Mourning Becomes Electra," "Reunion in Vienna," "The House of Connelly," "The Animal Kingdom," "The Left Bank," "Brief Moment," "Another Language," "The Devil Passes," "Cynara." A chapter records the season in Chicago, the season in San Francisco; an account is given of the Broadway long runs, Pulitzer Prize winners, where and when the diverse actors were born, the actors whose death fell within the season, and some record of their position and accomplishment. A library of the theatre must perforce include this volume, not as criticism but as a treasury of facts that are otherwise not easy to accumulate.

## The Social Sciences

AMERICAN BUSINESS LEADERS, a Study in Social Origins and Social Stratification, by F. W. Taussig and C. S. Joslyn. *New York: The Macmillan Company. 333 pages. $3.75.*

Whence do those who make up our class of Business Leaders spring? To what do they owe their success: inherited ability or a favoring environment? And how does economic inequality arise? These are the questions which Professors Taussig and Joslyn seek to answer by using the quantitative method of sociological inquiry. Their work is the fruit of a questionnaire sent to some 15,000 names, on Poor's Register of Directors, of men earning from $25,000 to $1,000,000—in 1928, of course. Proceeding with the highest degree of statistical caution, they report that of the men occupying the topmost stratum in American society, only a negligible few, 10 percent, are the sons of laborers; 12 percent are the sons of farmers; 56.7 percent are the sons of business men. And further, "Business leaders are today being recruited to a substantially greater extent than was the case thirty or forty years ago among the sons of major executives." Are our Business Leaders, then, becoming a castelike group? The authors carefully resist such a conclusion, admitting only that this tendency is "probably on the increase." Unfortunately the questionnaire utilized is rather narrow; it does not tell us what the Business Leader does when he is alone, nor how much he contributes to both major political parties. It leaves out all the "imponderables," and cheerfully concludes that inherited talent is rewarded, whereas environment (poverty or wealth, education or ignorance) counts for less.

## World Politics

GERMANY PUTS THE CLOCK BACK, by Edgar Ansel Mowrer. *New York: William Morrow and Company. 325 pages. $2.50.*

This book is packed full of telling fact and illuminating comment. Mr. Mowrer knows Germany, her social and political organization (or disorganization), her class and party struggles, the motives, hidden and avowed, of the leaders. He does not sentimentalize over the injustices of Versailles, for he has not forgotten Bucharest and Brest-Litovsk. He is not fooled by a so-called revolution that has retained the imperial bureaucracy, judges and generals, that has turned over as outright gifts to the ex-princes crown property worth hundreds of millions of dollars, that has not dared to break up the landed estates of the Junkers. He knows that the Marxian phraseology of the Social Democrats is just as hollow as the pretended campaign against "Marxism" of those reactionary capitalists who never tire of invoking state aid in their own interests, and who are using Hitlerism as a battering ram against organized labor. He knows the conditions that have

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NATIONAL MINORITIES IN EUROPE, by Otto Junghann. *New York: Covici-Friede. 121 pages. $1.50.*

Dr. Junghann is one of those Prussian scholars who have become absorbed in nationality problems since Poland annexed sizable bits of rich industrial territory peopled largely by Germans. His analytical method combines pedantry with a high degree of the currently fashionable state-mysticism of German nationalists. By locating the U.S.S.R. in Asia, he eliminates the comparative approach to his subject, indispensable since the Soviets have effected a unique solution of the nationalities problem. The best of Dr. Junghann's little book is a brief, systematic chapter which surveys the actual economic, political and cultural status of all European national minorities.

## Fiction

CHINA RED, by H. T. Tsiang. *New York: Published by the author, Box 66, Station D. $1.*

The story is told in a series of letters written by a Chinese girl to her fiancé: the girl is a student in Nanking; the boy, through kindness of rich compatriots, has been sent to an American university. The girl belongs to an aristocratic family; the boy springs from the proletariat, and yet, in the beginning, their political roles are reversed: the boy is a violent nationalist opposed to the workers' revolution; the girl is a liberal, sympathetic toward Communism. But the girl's arguments, together with his experiences in the United States, turn the boy from a Red-baiter into a Red; he becomes the editor of a Chinese-American Communist paper; meanwhile the girl is herself becoming a Kuomintang Nationalist, the mistress of a rich politician. The moral is the reversion of both characters to their class origins. The story is told in a style that sounds faintly foreign and yet is admirably adapted to the subject. Scattered through the narrative are quotations from old Chinese poems which Mr. Tsiang has translated with grace and feeling.

## Contributors

William Henry Chamberlin, author of "Soviet Russia" and "The Soviet Planned Economic Order," is completing a lecture tour on his first visit to this country since 1922, when he went to Moscow as correspondent of The Christian Science Monitor. The Guggenheim foundation has awarded him a fellowship for his forthcoming history of the Russian revolution, to be published by Macmillan's of London.

H. V. Kaltenborn, who is news editor for the Columbia Broadcasting System, is the author of "We Look at the World" and a contributing editor to World's Work.

Waldo Frank, whose novels and books of travel are well known to readers of The New Republic, has edited the collected poems of Hart Crane, which Liveright is to publish this month. The essay on Crane in the present issue is an abridged version of his introduction to the volume.

James Rorty, who has recently been doing active work for the League of Professional Groups, is a former copywriter for an advertising firm. He is the author of a book of verse and a frequent contributor to various periodicals.

Robert Briffault, the English anthropologist, is the author of "The Mothers," a three-volume study of the origins of social institutions and their emotional background, "Sin and Sex" and "Breakdown," which was published last fall.

Henry Bamford Parkes is an Englishman who has lived in America since 1927. He is the author of a biography of Jonathan Edwards and will publish "The Puritan Heresy" next fall.


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